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THE PRESIDENT'S latest message, as the New York *Herald Tribune* unkindly observes, is at once the most "political" and the least impressive of his public documents to date. It is obviously designed to help loyal Democratic Senators and Congressmen to mend their political fences back home—tasks which they are impatient to take in hand, even at the cost of adjournment without passing several important items of pending legislation, including the Wagner bill. "We have shown to the world," he declares in homiletic language unhappily reminiscent of both Wilson and Hoover, "that democracy has within it the elements necessary to its own salvation." Judging from the *Literary Digest* poll the corn belt is dubious, and as for labor, the President and General Johnson have shown, at Detroit and elsewhere, that they do not intend to aid labor's fight against the company union. As for the much-wept-over consumer, the Tugwell-Copeland bill was first emasculated and is now, apparently, forgotten. In brief, the Administration has failed to make good several of its major promises, so the President is obliged, in this message, to issue new promises—a form of inflation which goes inevitably with the other forms into which the Administration is being pushed.

THE NEW PROMISES are sweeping, even glamorous. "When the next Congress convenes," says the President, "I hope to be able to present to it a carefully considered national plan covering the development and the human use of our natural resources of land and water over a long period of years." Elsewhere in the message he speaks of the necessity of abandoning many millions of acres for agricultural use and of replacing these acres with others on which at least a living can be earned. But the largest commitment of all is with respect to social insurance. Mr. Roosevelt is convinced, he says, that social insurance should be national in scope, although the several States should meet at least a large portion of the cost of management, and the funds should be raised by contribution rather than by an increase in general taxation. Obviously this declaration indicates a determination on the part of the Administration to force industry to provide some degree of security for its workers, thus easing the burden of public and private relief. Liberals, especially experts in the field of social insurance, may well take the President seriously, force him to take himself seriously, and prevent, if possible, the disillusionment which followed the original high promise of the housing program. As usual, there are gestures to the right as well as to the left in the message. "We have not opposed the incentive of reasonable and legitimate private profit," he says, and "our task of reconstruction does not require the creation of new and strange values." One can hope that economic developments this summer will convince Mr. Roosevelt that the time for this sort of tight-rope balancing has passed.

GENERAL JOHNSON and the Iron and Steel Institute, pooling their collective ingenuity, concocted a scheme for settling the labor troubles of the steel industry by the familiar device of creating a board. The invention of the board is certainly entitled to a prize as the NRA's most successful device for circumventing its own announced aims and the provisions of the law as well. The board proposed for the steel dispute would have carefully restricted powers. Its authority would apparently be confined to regulating the system of employee representation now in effect throughout the industry. Thus in response to the workers' demands for recognition of their union, the General dangled before them a plan to fasten company unions upon every plant in the industry. Did the Administrator seriously imagine that the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers would fall into so patent a trap? Did he believe that the rank-and-file committee of union leaders would accept a program for "freezing" the status quo of company unionism? If so, he was soon disillusioned. The reply of the workers was a flat, unconditional refusal to consider any such legerdemain. Moreover, they had many unkind words to say about what they described as the "national run-around." Accordingly, as this issue of *The Nation* reaches its readers, the steel strike of 1934 may already have begun. If it has begun, and if misery, bloodshed, and death are the result, it will be easy to fix the blame. First, upon the steel employers, who will not budge from their master-and-servant attitude toward the workers. Second, upon the NRA, which has assisted the Iron and Steel Institute in making a tragic farce of its own legal guaranty of collective bargaining. It should also be clearly recognized that the Iron and Steel Institute

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has merely drawn a red herring across the trail when it maintains that the issue is the union's demand for the closed shop. The union has made no such demand; it has asked only that the employers go into conference with it to work out collective agreements.

ONE OF THE WORST threats to labor which has yet appeared in the Roosevelt legislative program is embodied in the Anti-Racketeering bill, passed by the Senate and now pending in the House in an amended form which has been "definitely approved" by President Green of the American Federation of Labor. If it passes in the rush of legislation before Congress adjourns, it will be nothing less than a disaster to labor. The new draft, like the old, still penalizes, by imprisonment for from one to ninety-nine years, the use of force, violence, "coercion," or attempts or "threats" to use such measures. No effort is made to define these elastic terms, which constitute the traditional terminology used by courts to characterize and condemn whatever forms of labor activity they disapprove. The bill, in fact, is full of clauses which might be invoked to the detriment of labor. For example, the attempt to "restrict production" by the use of "threats" is forbidden; and of course a strike does just that. Other clauses could be used to suppress the activity of union organizers. It is a prime article of the business creed that employees join unions not because they are dissatisfied with conditions but because of the "threats" and "coercion" of "outside agitators." Significantly, business has been clamoring for weeks against the passage of the Wagner Labor Disputes bill, even in its present emasculated and dangerous form, because it does not contain a prohibition of such "coercion." Here is the prohibition business desires, reinforced with a possible criminal penalty of ninety-nine years' imprisonment.

DOUBTLESS the American Federation of Labor relied on the final proviso which protects "bona fide labor organizations in lawfully carrying on the legitimate objects thereof, as such rights are expressed in existing statutes of the United States." This proviso merely repeats the classically ineffective declaration of Section 6 of the Clayton Act. It protects only the rights of labor organizations "lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof," although it has been decided, time and again, that neither secondary boycotts, sympathetic strikes, mass picketing, nor strikes for a closed shop fall within this language. And the phrase "bona fide labor unions" leaves open to question the status of Communist or radical left-wing locals, "rank-and-file" strike committees, and "unauthorized" strikes called in defiance of the A. F. of L. officialdom. It is not to be supposed that the penalties of the act will be invoked with rash speed or blundering recklessness, especially since, with the "flexibility" characteristic of the New Deal, the act provides that prosecutions thereunder shall be commenced only upon the express direction of the Attorney-General. But it would be equally idle to suppose that in a serious crisis the government would hesitate to use so powerful a legal weapon to enforce its will.

WITH TOLEDO STRIKERS returning to work at the Electric Auto-Lite Company and its affiliated plants, interest now centers upon the question whether Judge Roy R. Stuart will indorse the new legal doctrine of injunctions suggested by Arthur Garfield Hays at the Budenz contempt trial there. Mr. Hays, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, moved the dismissal of all picketing defendants and the vacating of the injunction itself at the trial's close, on the ground that the company had not come into court with clean hands. He asserted in his argument that the creation of the NRA necessitated an entire change in the law of injunctions in labor disputes. The National Industrial Recovery Act has placed enormous economic power in the hands of the big industrial interests, which are freed from anti-trust laws and permitted even to engage in price-fixing. The only offset to this grant of power to the employing interests is Section 7-a and the code wage scales. Companies which violate either of these labor provisions, Mr. Hays asserted, are not entitled to relief in equity. He freely admitted that his client, Louis Budenz of the American Workers' Party, should be sentenced for contempt of court, if any defendant should, since "he was the leader who urged the others to defy the injunction, taking the lead himself in doing so." If Mr. Hays's contentions are upheld by the court, which has taken them under advisement, and if Judge Stuart shows that "judicial courage" for which the eminent New York lawyer pleaded, a precedent may be established which will change further the entire course of procedure in labor-injunction cases.

MARY VAN KLEECK'S performance at the National Conference of Social Work, we are inclined to believe, was unique in the history of American conventions of professionals. Speaking on Our Illusions Regarding Government, Miss Van Kleeck gave the assembled social workers a brilliant, cogent, and suave primer lesson in Marxian theory and tactics as applied to their jobs. And when she finished, they cheered her for several minutes. Not merely did Miss Van Kleeck take an uncompromising Communist position in her declaration for collectivism as the only possible solution of our economic and social debacle; she logically and cheerfully urged these overworked and underpaid social workers to think of themselves as workers, and to ally themselves with other workers in struggling to bring in the collective commonwealth. In another paper on The Common Goals of Labor and Social Work Miss Van Kleeck declared that any program for relief and social planning proposed by spokesmen for the New Deal "is defeated from the outset in an unplanned economic system." And in answer to a specific question from the floor she replied: "I do negate fascism, which is the use of power to maintain the status quo. I do not negate the collectivism which is the aim of communism." Needless to say, the convention did not pass resolutions or elect officers supporting Miss Van Kleeck's position.

WORD COMES, as we go to press, that A. J. Muste, leader of the American Workers' Party, with James Cross and C. H. Mayer of the Illinois Unemployed League, have been arrested in Belleville, Illinois, charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government and vagrancy, and held in $4,000 bail each. The three "vagrants" or "conspirators" —the coupling of these charges indicates the state of mind of the local authorities—were picketing the plant of the Knapp Monarch Company, which manufactures automobile parts. Even on the basis of a meager telegraphic report, it

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is not difficult to reconstruct the background of this development. It was Muste and Louis Budenz who, with the aid of the Ohio Unemployed League, were mainly instrumental in breaking the court injunction obtained by the Auto-Lite Company of Toledo, and in forcing a favorable strike settlement. The Automobile Chamber of Commerce has been doing its best to unsettle that settlement. Evidently, when trouble broke out in Belleville, the automobile manufacturers were quick to recognize the reappearance of the same militant leadership and the same tactical fusion of employed and unemployed workers which had proved so successful in Toledo. Muste and his aids, it is reported, are being treated like dangerous criminals, and even refused permission to read the New York *Times*.

AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT that Henry P. Fletcher was being named chairman of the Republican National Committee in Chicago, while the Old Guard cheered, a forty-year dynasty in politics came to an end in Philadelphia with the dethronement of Boss Bill Vare, last of his line. Two days later Boss Andrew Mellon's lieutenant, General Edward Martin, was deposed as Republican State Chairman in Pennsylvania. On the surface these three happenings are simply separate manifestations of unrest and uneasiness among the Republicans, and of an attempt to make next fall's campaign issue a clear-cut one between "radicalism" and conservatism. Actually they are all closely related and mark the appearance of a new boss on the scene, springing from the forehead of the American Manufacturers' Association. He is Joseph R. Grundy, former United States Senator from Pennsylvania (by appointment), bitter foe of labor and social legislation, tory of tories, and former "number one" lobbyist for higher and higher tariffs. Grundy has long been an important factor in State and national politics, but never openly so. Now at one swoop he puts over Fletcher, his friend, disciple, and fellow high-tariff champion; throws out Vare and names his own Philadelphia city chairman; and gives the coup de grace to Mellon. Thus ends the unholy Mellon-Grundy-Vare alliance, and on its ruins hopeful Old Guardsmen are already blowing soap bubbles showing "Uncle Joe" Grundy in the White House. But this so-called Republican house-cleaning, it has speedily become apparent, has done little save kick up dust. The "back to normalcy" stand taken at Chicago foreshadows nothing but weeping and wailing when the votes are tabulated in November. This is especially so in Pennsylvania, where Grundy's success was the worst thing that could have happened to Senator David A. Reed's hopes for reelection.

THE INTERNATIONAL ARMAMENT RING will rejoice in the collapse of the League's effort to initiate an embargo on the shipment of munitions to the Chaco. Although twenty-three nations, including Great Britain and the United States, indicated their willingness to cooperate in the project, ten others made their acceptance conditional on the formal adherence of Germany and Japan, who as nonmembers of the League have thus far declined to join in the proposed move. Prominent among the countries refusing to take affirmative action were France, seat of the Schneider-Creusot armament firm; Czecho-Slovakia, home of the Skoda firm; and Italy, which is reported to have recently concluded a ten-million-lira contract to furnish Paraguay with military aircraft. While nothing is to be gained by minimizing the gravity of this setback, it would be a mistake to jump to the conclusion either that the League has suffered an irreparable defeat or that the embargo has been discredited as an instrument for bringing would-be belligerents to their senses. The contrary appears to be the case. Faced by the threat of a general embargo, Bolivia appealed for League mediation under Article XV, a procedure which was quickly accepted by Paraguay. Judging by similar instances in Letitia and Manchuria, it would be rash indeed to assume an early or easy solution of the Chaco imbroglio merely because it has been put into the hands of a League commission. Yet the problem appears nearer solution than at any time since the breakdown of the armistice concluded at the Montevideo conference. Meanwhile, Bolivia's indignant protest against the embargo imposed by the United States illustrates afresh the dangers of trying to play the lone wolf in international politics.

THE MOST STRIKING aspect of the abrogation of the Platt Amendment was the ease with which it was accomplished. When so drastic a departure from established policy runs the Senate gauntlet without a dissenting vote, it is conclusive evidence that the time for the change had fully arrived. The lack of opposition must have surprised the Administration itself. Both President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull had in their public utterances approached the matter somewhat tentatively—cautiously. Until the draft of the new treaty was actually made public, they had spoken only of "taking up" with Cuba the "negotiation" of a new pact to replace the Permanent Treaty. That the new treaty cleanly abrogates every tutelary and interventionist provision of the Platt Amendment is highly creditable to the Administration, and is further evidence of the farsightedness of its foreign policy in this hemisphere. To be sure, it would have been preferable to have withdrawn or offered to withdraw the naval base at Guantanamo. This base was ceded through compulsion, and it is obvious that such a base is implicitly an impairment of Cuba's sovereignty. However, Guantanamo is not of first importance at this moment, in view of the close and far more vital commercial relations that are in process of study and negotiation, and the informal and temporary agreement under which the lease of the naval base continues. The fact is, of course, that we do not need that particular base. We have territory of our own in the region which would serve the same purpose—the Florida coast, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands. It is also entirely possible that the Cubans may wish, for the stimulus the base gives to local trade, to have the United States retain the present establishment at Guantanamo. In short, the essential consideration—that the present treaty and any future negotiations with Cuba be conducted freely, without pressure of any kind and as between equals, for their mutual advantage—has been admirably sustained. In Cuba rejoicing over the repeal of the Permanent Treaty is tempered by political considerations. The followers of Grau San Martin, whose numbers are steadily growing, emphasized their repudiation of the Platt Amendment, when they were in power, as a basic tenet of their national policy. They view the negotiation of the new treaty at this moment as an effort to bolster up the none too strong Mendieta regime. The Mendieta administration, on the other hand, is not unnaturally claiming all the credit for the event, and seeking to capitalize it to the utmost.

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The Johnson Bill Backfires

CURIOSITY prompts us to wonder if the provincially minded Congressmen who voted for the Johnson bill are not somewhat dismayed as they survey the havoc wrought by their action. A few weeks ago it was reasonably certain that Great Britain, Italy, and the other countries which have been making token payments on their indebtedness to the United States would repeat this procedure on June 15, pending a final settlement of the debt problem. It even seemed likely that France, spurred by M. Herriot, would make a similar remittance on account. While the total of these payments would have been relatively small—less than 10 per cent of the amount due—they would have reduced our huge government deficit by several millions of dollars without throwing an undue strain on the international exchanges. Congress, however, appears to have determined to prevent just such a contingency. The Johnson Act, passed virtually without opposition in either house, makes it unlawful for any American citizen to advance funds to a foreign state which is "in default in the payment of its obligations, *or any part thereof,* to the Government of the United States." Attorney-General Cummings ruled that nations which had made token payments in the past were not in default. But in view of the President's express statement to the contrary, the wording of the bill precluded a similar interpretation with regard to future payments. Having been informed that it must pay the $86,000,000 instalment due June 15 in full in order to avoid the stigma of default, the British government very logically decided that nothing less than a complete suspension of payments would suffice to bring Congress to its senses.

A comparison of the British note of June 4, setting forth the reasons for this far-reaching decision, with President Roosevelt's recent message on the war debts is enough to make any self-respecting American blush for shame. In a carefully reasoned statement, Great Britain argues that a general resumption of payments on the intergovernmental debts could not but retard world recovery, and might provoke financial and economic chaos through a further depression of the international price level. With ill-concealed glee, it points to the incontrovertible fact that debt payments would cause sterling to depreciate in terms of dollars, thus defeating the fundamental purpose of the Administration's monetary policy. While admitting that non-payment of these obligations would throw a heavier burden on the American taxpayer, it gently reminds us that England is not seeking, at present, to collect anything on the $7,800,000,000 which it lent to its allies during the war. Moreover, Britain recalls that although it has already paid more on its indebtedness to the United States than all our other debtors combined—a total of more than $2,000,000,000—the amount still outstanding is greater than the whole of the original obligation.

The President's message, on the other hand, reeks of the same patronizing spirit which characterized the war-debt pronouncements of his immediate predecessors. No suggestion is made that Congress provide for an increase in imports in order that debt payments might be effected without intensifying the deflationary pressure on world prices. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt repeats the somewhat shopworn contention that the indebtedness to the United States "has no relation whatsoever to reparation payments," and piously declares that "we are in a just position to ask that substantial sacrifices be made to meet these debts."

Business men are beginning to realize, however, that the suspension of war-debt payments is by no means the most serious effect of the Johnson Act. In a recent letter to President Roosevelt, Louis K. Comstock, president of the Merchants' Association of New York, asked for special Congressional action to permit a resumption of normal trade with the Soviet Union. Although discrimination against Russia was certainly not intended by the original sponsors of the bill, its effect has been that of a virtual embargo on the export of American goods to the U. S. S. R. This is due, of course, to the fact that in Russia, as in no other country, all foreign purchases are made by the state, and must therefore be financed by credits to the Soviet Government. Not until after the Johnson bill had passed the Senate was its possible effect on Soviet trade realized. Whereupon an amendment was inserted exempting the Export-Import Bank, as a government agency, from the provisions of the act. Undaunted by this attempted liberality, the trustees of the bank adopted a resolution on March 16 declaring that no credit transactions would be undertaken until a settlement had been reached with respect to the Czarist and Kerensky debts. It is this resolution rather than the Johnson Act itself which has closed the door to American trade with Russia.

As one of the few governments that have scrupulously maintained payments on all debts, the Kremlin has naturally resented being classified as a defaulter. Instead of hastening a settlement of outstanding claims, as our superpatriots fondly imagined, Congress's blundering attempt to exert pressure for the collection of unrecognized debts has only succeeded in stirring up ill-will and hampering negotiations.

In the ensuing wrangle over a sum equal to less than one-twentieth of the British debt, the American people, as usual, have been left holding the bag. For Russia the delay in arranging a suitable basis for trade is inconvenient, but of no serious consequence. Long-term planning necessitates determining in advance the character of goods which may be needed in succeeding years, and plans are now being worked out for the entire second *Piatiletka.* Yet despite their admitted preference for certain American products, Soviet economic organizations will find no difficulty in transferring their orders to countries where credit terms are more satisfactory. Unfortunately, however, the United States cannot so easily find other markets for its goods. Assuming that with proper credit facilities Soviet purchases would return only to the level of 1930, the present deadlock is costing American business and labor at least a quarter of a million dollars a day. Congress may have demonstrated that no foreigner can put anything over on old Uncle Sam, but in so doing it has made him come perilously near to losing his shirt.

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The Relief Nightmare

ON the first of June the New York City Board of Estimate authorized the expenditure of $17,750,000 for relief for the current month. Last month the Department of Public Welfare spent slightly less than seventeen millions, from both public—federal, State, and local—and private sources. The amount voted for June was almost three times the sum expended last November. If these figures seem surprisingly large, let us go back and review the sums spent in the municipality during the last five years. In 1929 ten millions from public and private funds were spent; in 1930 the total was some fourteen million; in 1931 it had risen to nearly forty-five million; in 1932 it totaled more than seventy-six million; in 1933 the grand reckoning amounted to 110 million. For 1934 the average expenditure has been something like fifteen million dollars a month, which for the year, if the monthly rate does not rise sharply, will make a total of 180 million. And the sum for the whole of the six years promises, by the end of 1934, to amount to $435,000,000.

These figures are meaningless, of course, unless they are broken down into their several parts. What do such vast sums do for the urban population that they are designed to help? There are some seven million persons in New York City. Last April the Welfare Council announced that relief in various forms had been given to 287,054 "cases," and it estimated that a million persons were helped thereby. One person in seven in the city, therefore, is the recipient of public help in the form of work or home relief. By the standards that it has been found necessary to impose on the giving of relief, this means that one person in seven is without funds, without credit, without financial resources of any sort—is almost literally destitute. New York City has the highest average of monthly family benefits of any locality in the United States. Let us keep these two facts in mind: In New York City since 1929 nearly half a billion dollars for relief will have been spent by the end of the current year; New York pays the highest monthly family benefits in the country. And those monthly benefits average, per family, the sum of $36.91. A typical budget for a family of five has just been issued by the Department of Public Welfare. It allows for food $30.98, for rent $14.09, for electricity $1.41, for gas $1.73, for household supplies $1.09. This makes a total of $49.30, and it is explained that the difference between this suggested budget and the monthly average per family is caused by the fact that the average budget is computed on the basis of four persons instead of five.

It is not with any intention to criticize unfavorably the administration of relief in New York City that these figures are offered. Despite the charges of politics in relief administration, despite red tape in the relief bureaus, despite orders and counter orders from Washington that further entangle the already complicated business of relief administration, despite deserving persons who have had to wait too long for help and some who have not yet received it, despite others who are getting help which they do not, by relief-bureau standards, need, there is no doubt that large numbers of persons in the city have been kept from starvation and too much suffering by food, shelter, clothing, and work made possible through public funds. But that is exactly the point: they have been kept from starvation, they have been kept alive. Obviously the funds that are available for relief are hopelessly inadequate to maintain unemployed families in a recognized state of health and decency. Thirty-six dollars a month for a family means $430 a year, about a third of what has been fixed as a subsistence-level wage. What are the minimum needs of a family? Shelter, fire, food. No clothes—those that they have must do, no matter how long they have already done; no medical care—when that cannot be obtained free it must be dispensed with; light of some sort, although that, too, may be spared more times than one would have thought possible. What sort of shelter can be found for the price? It is worth pointing out that families on relief in New York are not permitted to live in tenements condemned as uninhabitable by the city. What sort of food can be bought? Bread, of course; pork, beans, potatoes; but how much milk, how much green vegetables and fruit?

Let us face the facts, in New York City, and correspondingly in every city in the country. Let us think only of the one in seven who is destitute and must have help to keep from starving to death. Let us forget, for the moment, the perhaps two in seven who are on the ragged edge, but whose incomes are sufficient to make them ineligible for public help; let us forget the undernourished school children, the overcrowded tenements, the men in the municipal lodging-houses who do not, by any regulation, come under the head of possible candidates for relief. In order, by even the lowest standards of subsistence, properly to house and feed, not to mention clothe, one in seven of New York's population, we must spend three times what we are spending now, thirty times what we spent in 1929. And applications for relief increased at the rate of 1,500 a day for the first three weeks in May. Shall we borrow the money? If so, who will pay it back? Shall we levy new taxes? Where, and on whom? These are the questions which a democracy must ask itself, with all earnestness. But it is as plain as day that to maintain our democracy we must either put men to work or spend money in sums more fantastic than those of which we have ever, in our worst nightmares, dreamed.

Wall Street Finds a Silver Lining

RICHARD WHITNEY, president of the New York Stock Exchange, has suddenly lost his fear of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934. For months he broke Wall Street's brittle heart by his description of the calamity which would be caused by passage of this legislation. But the bill passed, the President signed it, and lo, Mr. Whitney is "hopeful" that it will prove to be a "constructive measure."

Mr. Whitney's sentiments have been echoed by other spokesmen in Wall Street. The New York *Times* has detected a "brighter view" among stockbrokers in regard to the bill, and even the *Wall Street Journal* has admitted that the bill as finally enacted was a greatly improved measure. To those who have learned by experience to be most on their guard whenever Wall Street applauds, this change of heart may appear as ominous comment on the chances for effective

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regulation of stock-market practices. But these forebodings should be tempered by realization of the agility with which Wall Street can adjust its surface mood to the varying requirements of its pecuniary interests.

There is no denying that the Street can justifiably derive considerable satisfaction from the form in which the bill was finally passed. As its reward for one of the most hectic propaganda campaigns ever staged in Washington, the Exchange has wangled concessions which soften much of the original threat to its future profits. The margin provisions of the bill have been relaxed. The regulation of speculative credit has been transferred to the Federal Reserve Board—which showed no willingness to restrict credit for the Coolidge-Mellon bull market until too late to accomplish its purpose. Some of the fixed provisions in earlier drafts of the bill have been changed into permissive powers for the new Securities and Exchange Commission. Complete segregation of the functions of dealer and broker is no longer required.

However, despite those concessions, Wall Street's victory has been decidedly incomplete. The New York Stock Exchange began its campaign of opposition from the standpoint that any regulatory measure would be unconstitutional. Its most liberal concession to the demand for regulation was to suggest an administrative body on which the exchanges would have direct representation and which would delegate actual regulation to the exchanges themselves. The present bill contains no such ideal provisions for the perpetuation of Wall Street's favorite practices. Given suitable personnel for the new commission, the Securities Exchange Act provides ample power to bring about widespread changes for the better in Wall Street's relations with the investing and speculating public. The manifold methods by which Wall Street has rigged the market in the past will henceforth entail the risk of two years in jail.

The real reason for Wall Street's sudden discovery of the silver lining is quite simple. Under the combined influences of the Street's own propaganda concerning the devastating effect of exchange regulation, the uncertainty regarding the business and profit outlook, and the absence of immediate inflationary pressure on prices, the volume of business on the stock exchanges has dwindled to the lowest levels in ten years. Exchange members are losing money. This is Wall Street's practical problem of the moment, and this explains why, with its eye, as ever, focused on potential customers throughout the country, Wall Street is now stressing the "constructive" aspects of a bill in which, until its enactment, it could see only national economic destruction.

Mr. Whitney's minor colleague, E. B. Grubb, president of the New York Curb Exchange, naively demonstrated this shift in emphasis when he praised the passage of the act principally because "the public cannot but feel an increased confidence in exchanges and in the purchasing and holding of securities dealt in on exchanges because of this new law." Mr. Grubb has thus the honor of crystallizing for the first time what will probably become Wall Street's new sales slogan—until pressure can again be feasibly exerted for relaxation or repeal of regulation. Wall Street will now inform the public that it may speculate or invest with impunity and without fear or suspicion. By proclaiming its own chastening, the Street will attempt hopefully to recover its lost commissions.

White Magic and Black

SCIENCE, like art and the Sabbath, was made for man. Upon this great principle Communists agree with Nazis, and liberals agree with both. Unfortunately, however, such apparently happy agreement on a general principle does not seem to help very much when it comes to specific cases. Your scientist cannot tell in advance what truth he is about to discover, and he is always in danger of finding out too late that he chose the wrong country in which to arrive at a conclusion. A German who happened to learn something new about the importance of a conditioned reflex would be as unfortunate as a Russian who uncovered a new fact about the force of heredity. Both would run the risk of being set down as enemies of mankind, when, if they could only exchange geographical locations, each would be in for official honors.

It is even worse when the unfortunate thinker happens to emerge at two points both of which are on the wrong side of one line or another—as was the case with poor Einstein. First Russia would have none of him because of the apparently wrong assumption that his views were inimical to materialism. Then the Germans, with characteristically greater vigor, drove him out because he was, for obvious reasons, not sound on the doctrine of Aryan superiority. The result is that one of the world's greatest mathematicians can find a home only in those countries still so indifferent to the welfare of mankind that they permit a scientist to believe whatever his investigations have led him to believe.

In any event, a pleasant *reductio ad absurdum* of the Nazi principle seems to have been reached at the Congress of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for the Advancement of Science at Düsseldorf last week. President Max Planck, propounder of the Quantum Theory and one of the few great physicists of the world, made an address of welcome in which he remarked with quiet boldness that though the society was devoted "to scientific research and the service of the Fatherland," its main purpose, to promote knowledge, was unfortunately not always recognized today, when there is a tendency to forget that the disinterested pursuit of knowledge is, in itself, a service to the Fatherland. He then underscored the point by mentioning a Jew as an example of fruitful devotion to knowledge, and Dr. Bernhard Rust, Reich Minister of Science and Education, rose to reply. "National Socialism," he said, "does not believe in science divorced from its foundation in the people. . . . One can become a scientist of the German people's community not through books or at a writing desk but only in the training camp and in the marching column."

How true that is! Where is Professor Planck's shirt and how can either the validity or the usefulness of the Quantum Theory be estimated unless we know that he was wearing one of the proper color when his equations were worked out? How fraught with danger is a situation in which a lot of uncoordinated scientists are allowed to go working away in isolated laboratories! In the old days magic—the forerunner of science—was divided by the church into white and black. Today science is either red or khaki. Tomorrow, perhaps, after a few more varicolored dictatorships have arisen, it will also be green, silver, purple, and magenta.

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Issues and Men

What, Another Free Trader?

SO it appears. On May 29 Senator Marvel Mills Logan, of Kentucky, rose in the Senate of the United States to call all tariffs "abominable and a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world," and to relegate "to Satan himself" the system of tariff-making which has grown up in the United States. I wish I could say how much that cheered me. I felt like emitting a good old rebel yell (not a Confederate, but just a rebel yell) when I read those words. Of course the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* did his best to offset the Senator's words by saying that he had to go "back into the yellow pages of old books and to a memory extending beyond modern industrialism to find grounds" for his attack. That wasn't necessary. Perhaps Senator Logan has been reading the pages of the New York *Nation*, where one editor at least has been holding forth these many years to the effect that there is no use in trying to tinker with tariffs and that no compromise with them is either desirable or possible. Every month that passes makes it clearer that the world is dying of these very tariffs, that there is not much time left in which to rescue it by doing away with these fetters upon international trade. It is time, indeed, that someone got up in the Senate and declared war without quarter.

It has always been a mystery to me why such Senators as the La Follettes and Norris and other great patriots could not see the role of the tariff in the establishment of special privilege and the unequal distribution of wealth in this country, to say nothing of its relationship to monopolies and trusts —it has long been called the "mother of trusts." I have been astounded that the liberals in both houses do not realize that the tariff has created the most powerful vested interest in the United States today. This vested interest frustrated the efforts of Presidents Cleveland and Wilson to bring about genuine tariff reduction and then, thanks to the Republicans, not only restored the old tariffs but carried them much higher. It is allied to the power trust and until after the war was hand in glove with the money trust and all the other great aggregations of capital. Not in years has any Senator or Congressman dared to attack it as effectively as has Senator Logan. There have been individuals in past years who have spoken out—George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, for example—but Senator Logan displayed a divine aggressiveness.

Republicans sought to interrupt him and check him by pointing out that our tariff was primarily intended for protection of the American standard of living. That was just the poke that the Senator needed. He went for that hoary old sham in these words: "Standard of living! Standard of living! If ever there was a fool argument, it is that of the standard of living. Consider the standard of living in other countries. . . . Then go into the hills of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia, then go into the slums of your own great cities. Don't talk to me of the American standard of living when speaking of the tariff!"

Then, gloriously, the Senator went on to say that the present tariff is only a system whereby the government uses its taxing power "to pilfer the pockets of the poor for the enrichment of industrial overlords" under the "specious reasoning that a few of these precious benefits might be dealt out to those who serve them." No wonder the dispatch says that Senator Logan's speech brought to the floor Senators who had been dodging the debate for days and refilled the galleries, which had been nearly emptied by the platitudinous debates of the previous days. Of course, when you get a man hitting out straight from the shoulder, telling the truth without compromise and without thought of himself or of the protected industries of his State, you start an electric thrill bound to rouse people everywhere. Those mealy-mouthed Senators who compromise on the tariff against their better knowledge! One of these and I spoke in Washington a few years ago. He sat squarely on the fence, but I did my poor best to denounce the tariff unqualifiedly. As he left the room he whispered to me that he felt just as I did but of course he could not hope for reelection in the fall if he took any such stand. I felt like catching him by the sleeve and saying, "Damn you, it's just because Senators compromise thus with their consciences and their souls that Congress is what it is and not the great and effective and honest parliamentary machine that it ought to be."

Well, three cheers for Senator Logan! He did a man's job, and having made a number of attacks upon the tariff at public meetings last winter, I can assure him that he will get a wonderful response and that he will find plenty of Americans eager for the doctrine. If only President Roosevelt could see the light on this subject and talk like that we could have an educational campaign at the coming election and in 1936 that would stir the country. It wouldn't be necessary to go back to the yellow pages of any old books for arguments. It is enough to be able to point to the rise of nationalism—this insanity which makes nations think that they can become self-sufficient and self-supporting and have nothing to do with the rest of the world. It is enough to point out that nearly ninety separate reprisals have been undertaken against the United States by some forty-eight countries—in May England imposed new and heavy import duties on American typewriters.

One thing the House has just done. It has passed the Celler bill authorizing the establishment of a free-trade zone in every port of entry of the United States, in which goods may lie for two years without being subject to our customs laws, until reshipped or regularly passed through our tariff barriers. One Representative has declared that the bill will put American ships and our flag upon the seas. There is a start. We may yet decide to stop throttling ourselves to death by tariffs written by the men who profit by them.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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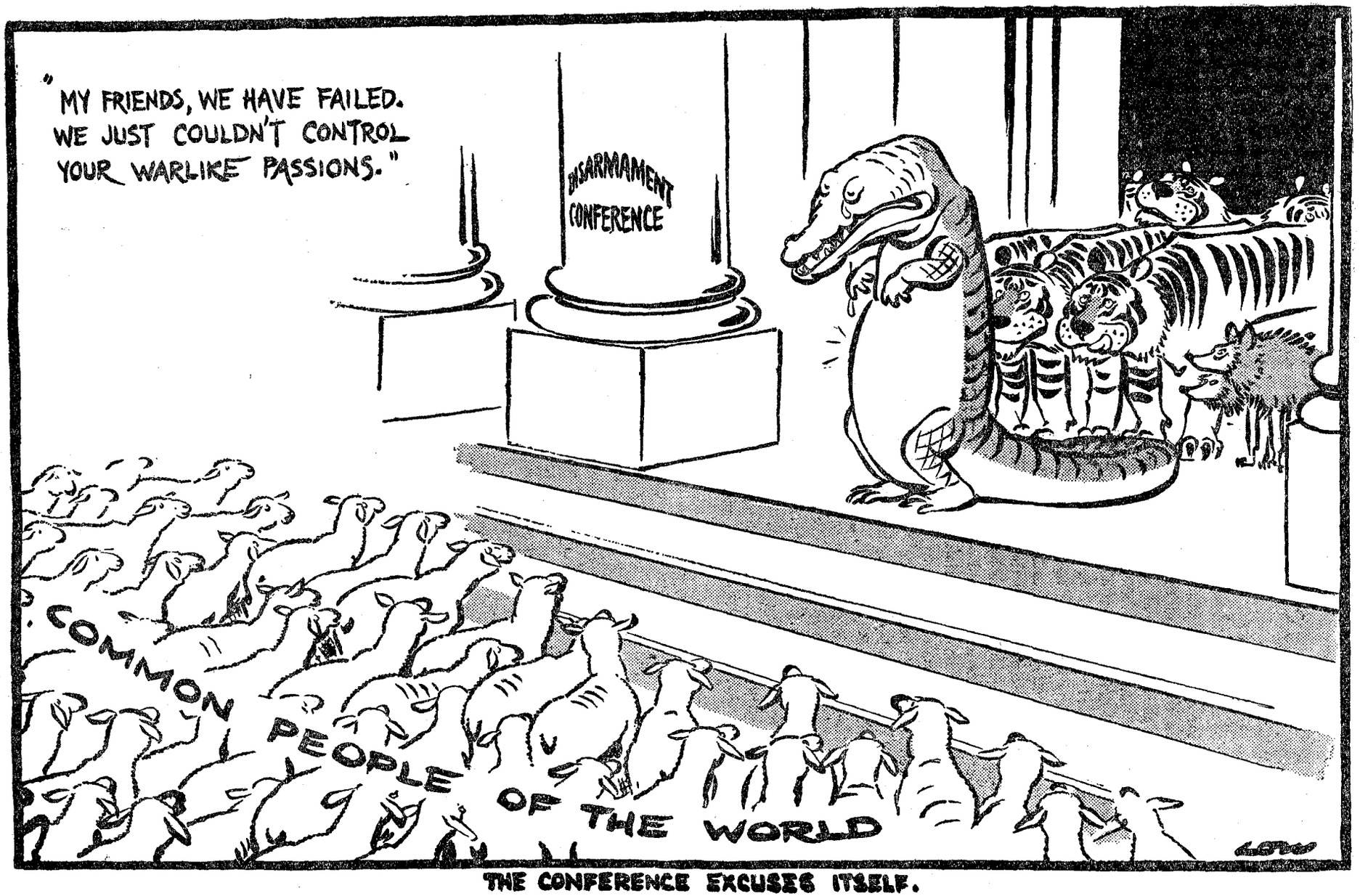
A Cartoon by LOW


"MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE FAILED. WE JUST COULDN'T CONTROL YOUR WARLIKE PASSIONS."
DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE
COMMON PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

THE CONFERENCE EXCUSES ITSELF.

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A Century of Progress 1833-1934

By LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

The Night Before: Near the North Entrance a group of girls halted, gesticulating among themselves and audibly indignant. "Why, they treated us like they were butchers. I've never been so . . ." Presently others came up and agreed it was dreadful. The girls wore print dresses and shared some common shame or sorrow. They had been recently inoculated against amoebic dysentery, which ravaged Chicago last summer. This summer every employee at the Fair is photographed and immunized. To speak of amoebic dysentery at the Fair is like speaking of earthquakes in Los Angeles, but in the Hall of Science there is a State-university exhibit dedicated to the disease. Beyond Ripley's (Believe It or Not) Odditorium the ushers in brand-new pale-blue uniforms were going through a dress rehearsal. Close by, plasterers were applying slabs of wet gray snow to the compo-rustic woodwork of the Schwarzwalddorf. Glass icicles were hanging under the eaves, and inside at the edge of a small square rink sat professional ice skaters wearing heavy socks, depressed by the heat and the size of their tiny floor. Although there are Italian, Mexican, Irish, English, Colonial (American), Tunisian, Belgian, Swiss, Dutch, Chinese, and midget villages, the German is localized as the Black Forest and the atmosphere is emphasized as Swabian or Bavarian.

Because of the success of the Streets of Paris last year, the *tableau vivant* of Manet's Olympia (court direction to defendant in case brought for indecent exposure: "O. K., it's art—but God help you if you move your hand"), and Miss Rand's fan dance, the "street" idea is heavily exploited this year. There is a considerable difference between this year and last year. For example, the Lincoln Village which housed famous buildings connected with the Emancipator's history has undergone radical changes. The convention wigwam of last year is this year's Bowery—the Streets of New York, the Livest Mile on Earth. It improves a fair to be given two years in succession. All hedges, turf, and trees seem permanent a second season. The gardens have grown into themselves.

The night before the opening thirty thousand or however-many workmen worked overtime. Only the actual opening of the Fair seemed to complete the exhibits. Small trains of rubbish-filled barrows led by a motor engine clanked along over the tar pavements. All trucks and cars had to be out by 7 a.m. (Last year they were allowed in till nine.) The workmen have been instructed to be more careful in their cleaning up. Last year, in an excess of ardor, they scrupulously removed a pile of wet rocks, bushes, dirt, and sod, and on the morrow the Adirondack Garden was sought in vain. Mr. Sloan and General Motors gave a dinner for 300 friends in his Hall of Progress under the Milles statue to precision workmanship. The statue shows a long workman in plaster cherishing a cogwheel. Mr. Sloan's guests were addressed by Glenn Frank. It was generally conceded that anybody was a fool to talk at the same dinner with Glenn Frank. His address, wildly received, was either an opening gun in the La Follette campaign or a comfortable assertion that science had not shot its bolt.

All the Fair buildings have been cleaned and repainted. Originally conceived by the office of Joseph Urban as a symphony in twenty-six colors, it has, this year, been improved enormously by his successor, Shepherd Vogelgesang, who limited it to ten. The great expanses of flat white have been quickened by emerald green, orange, plum color, reds, and clear blue. In the court of the Electricity Building pebbled tar was being laid over the various levels of steps and terrace to avoid last year's tripping, in the hope that it would congeal by the next morning. The Mexican Village, a criss-cross silhouette of slats and plaster board, developed hour by hour under your eye. Painters holding sticky stencils in their teeth applied stylized flowers to the balcony of the Swiss chalet. The lights hadn't been turned on yet. The big pavilions had a waitful, ghostly scale; dark, empty, and expectant. In localized groups rose the busy light and noise from quick last-minute touches. The Fair, like some three-mile-long passive creature, dozed in its beauty sleep, receiving primping and pipe clay enough to last for the rest of the summer, to withstand footsteps and finger marks of, last year, 122,000,000 admissions; this year, how many million more?

The Ford Building: Last year the General Motors exhibit of a complete automobile assembly line was the most impressive single point of the Fair. This year that point is the Ford Building. Designed by Albert Kahn of Detroit, the architect of the new River Rouge plant, its main feature is a huge dome 200 feet in diameter, which from the outside "represents the giant cogs of a set of gear wheels." There is some resentment on the part of other manufacturers that Ford is so magnificently—at a cost of at least $2,000,000—represented. He refused to come in the first year, and then, observing the great advertising success of General Motors, he enters in the second, the ground well broken for a novelty, and steals the show. The circular hall holds an extensive exhibition of transport vehicles, from a copy of Tutankamen's gold funeral chariot to the latest Ford. On the walls are large photo-murals by Charles Sheeler, a splendid documentation of the Detroit works, and at judicious intervals around the frieze are Ford mottoes, in simple but irrefutable print: "Overproduction is a money cry, not a human cry." "Individualism is what makes cooperation worth having." "Progress comes from prosperity built by work done in peace." "The farm and the shop each need what the other produces." "It is not good business unless buyer and seller both gain by it." "With one foot in the land and one in industry America is safe." "If you stabilize anything it is likely to be the wrong thing." Nineteen various roadbeds are shown in section, from the Appian Way and Chinese trade routes to modern concrete avenues. Mr. Ford's 1893 machine-shop is reerected with bricks displaced

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to allow a clear view of the interior. A twenty-foot globe, sparkling with miniature Ford plants, steadily revolves in the Court of Nations. In the great glass and concrete shed the Ford, eviscerated, is displayed in all its complex, organized splendor in process of creation, and then canonized, as the finished car.

As a feat of staging, as spectacle, as a show of power in the conscious control of an industrial dynasty affecting the world, the exhibition is the equivalent of its subject. Such consummate skill in presentation produces in the beholder an aesthetic emotion of no secondary order. The strength of the Ford wheel is a testament of the triumphant march of all other wheels—wood, wire, and disc—to the present, one perfect wheel, which in the middle of the hall is secured to a beam by its chromium hub, and through whose sturdy spokes pass six slim red cords, each two of which support an upended Ford by its radiator cap, a triangle of metallic and shiny bravura. "Hidden jewels of the Ford," the chromium-plated parts one never sees, are each separately mounted on a mirror base and in two octagonal columns revolve slowly, flashing silently in silver. Around the balconies, in symmetrical designs, the ten thousand individual parts of a standard Ford are mounted on panels. Raw materials—copper, iron, zinc, aluminum, rubber, cotton, and wool—are processed by patient workers, each clad in white shirt, white pants or skirts, white kid shoes, before your wondering eyes. The blue hieroglyph "Ford" is embroidered on each breast pocket. All the machinery in the four-acre hall is enameled blue. Each platform is edged with red. The clean smell of hot rubber, clean gloved hands, clean manicured fingers forming speedometer and pressure gauge, clean men and women speaking with subdued and civil interest of their own process combine in an atmosphere of regulated, efficient, frictionless production, subhuman, anonymous, and acute. The clean servants of the fresh machinery are innocent of personality as of dirt. Relegated to a limbo of material perfection, they seem almost enviable in their restricted responsibilities. "The system of sound amplification, both within the building and without, employs a total of 289 master loud speakers and 233 auxiliary speakers. No speaker is of greater than three-watt volume, so that none amplifies more loudly than a conversational tone. Four separate programs might be broadcast in the building simultaneously without one interfering with the other." Only—near the white-clad welder in mask and apron, spurting white fire, a large and intricate body of machinery has settled heavily through its solid platform, sagging unevenly through base and floor. No block and tackle could ever recover its great weight upright. This awkward accident, the sole blemish on the whole exhibit, holds a curious fascination. At first, since all else here is intentional, it also must be intentional. Then, when one realizes the mistake, it is a hurt machine, as interesting in its tragic discomfort as the victim of a street accident.

Chrysler: There has always been something curiously forward, and at the same time arrested, about Chrysler. Just as the lavish T-shaped entrance of the New York Chrysler Building, red marble paneling too fantastic even for marble's striation, is the equivalent of its spire—higher for two seasons than any building in the world, and after that, its metal grimy, its whole height as dated as "empire," "regency," or "modernistic"—so is the Chicago Chrysler Pavilion like its new streamline, "air-flow" car, excessive, dubious, and somehow unconvincing. Small plates of glass are fused into sample unbreakable panes; the effect of air resistance on moving bodies is made obvious; and there is a pendant tear drop of polished steel as pure as a Brancusi. On the exhibition track the old racing demi-god, Barney Oldfield, and a corps of men broadcast as the "hell drivers" give hourly testimony to the speed, strength, and endurance of the automobiles. In a sand pit they are deliberately driven, gears grinding the motors out of the slough. Every so often a tire breaks, and the car, triumphantly extricated from its sandy bog, limps toward the reviewing stand, the obsequious voice of the radio announcer apologizing for the slight mishap in a tone oily with familiar humor, a trace nervous, a trace even terrified at the possible deprecatory reflection on the Chrysler car.

General Motors: In two lines of cases, each in a bell-glass, held up by veneered woods, are the winning models of Napoleon's coronation coach, the trademark of the Fisher Body Company. These models are built year after year by boy craftsmen throughout the country, encouraged by the standards of Body-by-Fisher to emulate the sovereign workmanship of the automobile body-builders. Blue cut velvet, tiny eagles carved and gilded, the coach tops lacquered and fitted with no edge of glue showing, these little toys seem strange evidence of the immortality of handicraft. In a darkened room labeled "Research," beautiful precision instruments are free to the passing fumbler. The pressure of a chance hand on a steel tie moves a jittery gauge the millionth fraction of an inch. Sensitivity is made as sturdily apparent as tension in a big spring. Two bell-boy attendants in the Hall of Progress balance each other at edges of the linoleum pattern, instruments for information, in little use.

Ripley's Odditorium: Down the spine of the hall is a double case filled with freakish objects of cork, numerology, puns on names and dates, ships in mazda bulbs, Japanese mermaids mummified, and a hundred trophies of extreme ennui, conceived on lonely evenings in isolated farms and suburbs and sent in for Ripley's diploma of "Believe It or Not." On three sides of the large room are some fifteen or twenty raised stages, draped with blue satin curtains, each equipped with its own footlights. A staff barker, who has been either an undertaker or the headmaster of a boys' school, passes from stage to stage and with a syrup of respectful horror explains each miracle. There is a man whose tongue becomes unsocketed, another who can twist his feet in the opposite direction from his head and walk. There is a middle-aged woman like a sad music teacher in a black-satin, very decollete tea gown with a black picture hat. She wears gold spectacles and has lithographic skin. An apologetic youth who can draw the same profile with toes and fingers at once, using a blunt instrument, inscribes her back. She is put off in a corner to develop and after a few minutes a red welted outline begins to appear—but faintly—followed by sympathetic applause. There is a calm, idiotic farmer who plays twenty-six musical instruments at once, and as a climax attaches a little bobber to his head and strikes the twenty-seventh. There is a cheerful Negro who uses thumb tacks to keep his socks up, owing to a strange condition of his cartilege.

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Then, in their little booth in hell, the curtains sloshing back like wet silk, on surgical beds, in a scene representing a postcard hospital room, are displayed two unfortunates—a man and a woman. They are guarded by two attendants disguised as nurses, who may even be nurses. The attraction is in the fact that the two bodies, though still sentient, are almost entirely host to a disease which renders the skin and bone stone. The barker explains that last year at the Fair they were only able to have one specimen, but this year their luck consists in a stone man and a stone woman. The covers are drawn off by the nurse-museum-attendants. The corpses are clothed in bathing suits. The legs are tapped and will not cease vibrating for fifteen minutes unless stopped. The barker asks the man how he feels. His head is still mobile. It will be six months at least before his tongue is hard. The man remotely and cheerfully explains Christian resignation. His feet and legs in profile are pink, rigid, flayed down to a thin taper of flesh. By this time a second staff barker has commenced a second showing on the heels of the first. He slows down or they will overlap. There is a woman who can be shot through the body. She has a black-satin lapel hinged on her chest.

Wings of a Century: Beside the fading waters of the lake, framed by simple pylons and two pairs of terraced steps, passes this pageant of transportation. Some two hundred people, some twenty locomotives and trains, and a lavish number of horses, carts, carriages, motorcycles combine in an entirely admirable spectacle based on the history of speed in locomotion. With modesty, without pretension, with the theatrical nature of the show always kept in mind, with accompaniment of chanties, spirituals, and amplified ballads, a vision of the continent is presented—first traversed by Indians with travois who encounter a black Jesuit and two French trappers, then Boone's caravan, horses and oxen, Fulton's Clermont, the Baltimore Clipper, and the whole dynasty of the Iron Horse.

The players in the pageant are all young. The open air and the solid reality of the engines in their procession along the single track make a mass enthusiasm possible; and the crowds of anonymous actors, even with the interpolation of amiably artificial stage business, seem wholly convincing. The gold rush, the actual lumbering passage of the covered wagons, the hold-up of a Wells-Fargo coach, the pony-express prelude, the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad at Promontory Point. Here men and machines, with music, live horses, and solid wheels, steel and wood, flashing in the paling light of day, are a splendid show of relevant activity, immediately warming and full of meaning. At the end the airplane is the focus of the stage; the whole company in overalls surrounds it; while a procession of modern trucks, motorcycles, and even a superb Clydesdale team pass back and front, two crews affix the airplane's wings. The spotlights shine reflected in the glossy black barrel of the enormous new engine and the "Star Spangled Banner" is for once the only logical final chorus. "Wings of a Century" shows what could be done with an open-air spectacle. The radio amplifiers solve the question of narration. The audience, moved by the familiar sights and songs, is in full rapport with the pageantry. One can imagine Whitman spoken in the open air at some other spectacle with a more conscious and poetic design.

Organization and Service: The Fair, held over its second year, is sure to pay its bonds and even to make money. Unlike the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial, where on closing day buildings were still being erected four months late, this Fair seems admirably run. Directions are clearly indicated. Special Fair police in white sun helmets and scarlet coats hold chromium swagger sticks and know their business. Greyhound buses open at the sides permit a steady shift of people from one end to the other. New streamlined jinrikishas are leisurely convoyed by the pick of collegiate athletes. It all breathes an air of prosperous, smoothly run, and youthfully imaginative efficiency.

World's Fair, 1934: As an advertisement of the automobile industry and of the city of Chicago the Fair is an unequivocal success. As an international, even a national exposition it can make no claims. American industry is scarcely represented. Not steel, nor moving pictures, nor coal, nor radio, nor mining, nor cotton, nor tobacco has any exhibit equivalent to its importance to the nation. Except for apologetic pavilions labeled Italy, Sweden, and Czecho-Slovakia, foreign governments are not present. Except for such shows as the automobile industry, the Firestone Rubber Company, and the new developments in prefabricated houses provide, there is little of any intrinsic interest. As advertising presentation, in the collation of motto, model, photomural, and actual parts, there are many masterpieces, though the frame is usually more exciting than the objects framed.

As architecture, as fair-planning, there are numerous by now familiar fallacies. It was an architects' field day, and the buildings were thrown up in all their decorative fantasy, with little regard for what they would house. They house little enough, although there is a brave array of mural paintings and ornamental ceilings to distract from their essential emptiness. In spite of the thousands of provincial movie houses, office buildings, and banks that will be designed in memory of Chicago's 1933 modern, the architectural influences, applicable and involved, are less sinister in their possibilities than the Columbian Beaux Arts of 1893. The Fair shows in a way nothing else could—albeit often falsely—new uses of materials, construction, and design to millions of people who would never see architectural magazines or good foreign buildings.

The restaurants on the grounds, most of them at least partly open to the sky, demonstrate the charm of fresh-air eating more strongly than could any number of imitation Cafés de la Paix. If Americans, where their weather permits, develop into a nation of open-air diners, as they well might, it will be due in large measure to the example of Chicago. Wasteful, monstrous, in all superficial arrangements for convenience admirably organized, at night mysterious and with a real glamor, unimportant basically except for the Chicago angle, the Fair is in its own local application, and in obverse, a mirror of the nation. Having absorbed the precise and lavish ingenuity of the Ford Building, we may pause to wonder why our government cannot be similarly greased. The mastery of basic materials in all their feverish, ordered multiplicity seems strange in comparison with the lack of moral mastery. There are no patent exhibits of what money means, the value of gold, the cost of munitions in terms of individual life, conversations between nations, root maladies of supply and demand, or waste and surplus.

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The News Writers Form a Union

By JOHN SCRIBNER

IT looks as if the newspaper publishers of America would have to shell out more hard cash to their editorial workers—the reporters, feature writers, rewrite men, copy readers, copy boys—and in some cases to their editors and editorial writers. With very little fuss these most diffident of all working people have been organizing since last August into local newspaper guilds. The local guilds in turn have formed the American Newspaper Guild, which held its second national convention in St. Paul on June 6, 7, and 8, with delegates present from some seventy guilds representing more than 8,000 staff newspaper men and women throughout the country.

Last fall, when the American Newspaper Publishers' Association became aware that the owners were going to be placed under a code whether they liked it or not, it sent a committee to Washington post-haste to draw up a suitable instrument. Unfortunately for them the members of the committee were assisted by Elisha Hanson, a Washington lawyer who had been a member of a firm which had attained distinction through its efforts to frustrate a Senate investigation of the power trust, which at one time owned or controlled a good many newspapers, and exercises considerable influence today. This law firm also had had an astonishingly successful record in obtaining tax refunds for clients of great wealth during the Mellon regime. The publishers' code, as written by these over-smart gentlemen, classified experienced newspaper writers as "professionals," a distinction which publishers could hardly be said to have accorded in the past, and one which the news writers preferred to repudiate in view of the salary and other handicaps under which the proposed honor would have placed them.

That was the first error of the publishers; and it stimulated guild organization in protest and defense throughout the country. Newspaper writers were fortunate in having the leadership of Heywood Broun, columnist of the New York *World-Telegram* and president of the national organization. Broun did not hesitate to "stick out his neck" and invite the lightning. He went around telling to some of the ablest and most fearless men in his profession the story of what was happening in Washington.

For years virtually everyone in the newspaper business had thought that organization of news writers was next to impossible. Yet Broun was successful in the metropolitan district, and the Newspaper Guild of New York began to take shape. When it accepted a constitution, copies of the document were sent all over the country. As a result the American Newspaper Guild was organized in Washington on last December 15, when representatives of most of the local guilds then in existence met to write a national constitution and outline a plan of action.

About this time the news writers were again aided by the too great cleverness of the publishers in recommending to General Hugh S. Johnson the appointment of Ralph Pulitzer, one of the former owners of the New York *World*, as special deputy NRA administrator in charge of the newspaper code. Mr. Pulitzer had not held office long before the officers of the national guild sent the following telegram to all local guilds:

> The New York guild has sent protest to Washington against the appointment of Ralph Pulitzer as a deputy administrator in charge of the newspaper code on the ground that no man with direct publishing interest should be appointed, and additionally because of the feeling that Ralph Pulitzer was callous and cruel in handling the reportorial situation at the death of the *World*. We want authorization from you to make this protest national and to seek cooperation from mechanical unions. Please rush your vote to this office.

The response was almost immediate, and the result was the resignation of Mr. Pulitzer. George Buckley, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York and once a Chicago publisher, was appointed in Mr. Pulitzer's place. A 16-page complaint has now been filed by the guild against the manner in which Mr. Buckley has conducted his office, and President Roosevelt has been asked to remove him. It is asserted he is a "tool of the publishers" and "lacks ability, judgment, and temperament for a position which calls for impartial effort to dispose differences and prevent conflict."

Perhaps the publishers are most cursed, however, by the strike-breaking chairman of the A. N. P. A. special standing committee which devotes itself largely to checking the activities of labor unions. This watchdog of the press, Harvey J. Kelly, was made chairman also of the Newspaper Industrial Board, in which was vested authority to settle impartially all disputes between newspaper publishers and their employees. Mr. Kelly is on record as opposed in principle to the NRA because it affords labor too great an opportunity to organize. In 1932 he recommended that all newspaper publishers cut their pay rolls from 20 to 25 per cent in order to balance newspaper budgets. This attitude is scarcely adapted to successful dealing with the news writers.

Reluctant to make any demands, almost over-anxious to remain good friends with their employers—for friendliness is their very stock in trade—the editorial men have almost universally refrained from making drastic requests. Yet for some obscure reason, the publishers have been stand-offish in dealing with the guild. After almost two months of shilly-shallying, during which letters from the New York guild were ignored, Martin V. Kelly, executive secretary of the Publishers' Association of New York City, wrote the guild that individual newspapers "affirmed their willingness to meet with their own employees *or their representatives* for the discussion of any problem of mutual interest," but that the association would have nothing to do with the guild.

The attitude of one of the most respected members of the Publishers' Association, the New York *Times*, was expressed in a letter from its vice-president, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, which read:

> You have probably by now received a letter from the Publishers' Association in response to your communication to it of May 21. There is therefore no point in my replying to your special invitation to me to attend such a meeting,

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since it will not now take place. I take this opportunity again, however, of advising you that the New York *Times* is always ready to discuss with its employees any matter of mutual interest.

While this letter does not specifically state that the *Times* will deal directly with the guild officers, it is being construed as a friendly invitation. On the other hand, Captain J. M. Patterson, publisher of the *Daily News,* and J. David Stern, publisher of the New York *Post,* at once notified the guild they were ready to talk business.

In some instances the reaction of individual employers has been openly hostile. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, formation of a guild chapter was temporarily discontinued when two organizers, members of the staff of the *Standard-Times,* were peremptorily dismissed on the ground of "economy," though their places were filled almost immediately. A third man was forced to resign under pressure. The national organization is now endeavoring to raise a defense fund to bring suit for the reinstatement of the men under the protection of the NIRA.

Strange things, too, have happened upon some of the papers owned by William Randolph Hearst. A group of New York *American* writers resigned from the guild, declaring in vivid terms their abhorrence of any organization which was so ungracious to their benevolent employer as to question his philanthropy to newspapermen. Some of them have since rejoined the guild. Their letter was obviously and crudely inspired. On the San Francisco *Examiner,* another Hearst publication, Louis Burgess, an editorial writer, an employee of Hearst newspapers for seven years, was fired on April 4, seven days after he had discussed guild matters as chairman of the *Examiner* chapter with his publisher. Burgess was handed a check for the remainder of the week and for two additional weeks by Charles Stanton, managing editor. Burgess reported that Stanton told him the action was taken pursuant to a telephone call just received from Charles Lindner, general manager of the *Examiner,* at that moment visiting the Hearst ranch at San Simeon.

The most flagrant flouting of Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act, however, comes from another Hearst newspaper, the Rochester, New York, *Journal-American.* After three weeks of conferences with the spokesmen of the office chapter, officials of that paper posted on the bulletin board an insulting notice which read in part:

> The newspaper does not recognize the guild and cannot do so in any negotiation. The publisher recognizes the right of the employees to organize and to belong to any organization, including the K. K. K. But any negotiations must be with elected representatives of the editorial employees in which the entire staff has a voice, regardless of membership in any outside organization.

Before Mr. Hearst sailed for Europe recently he told reporters he approved of the guild principles and intended to make a study of the newspaper writers' organizations in European countries. The threat contained in the notice of the Rochester *Journal-American,* nevertheless, is that of the company union.

To Paul Block, owner of the Newark *Star-Eagle,* belongs the honor of being the first publisher to deal amicably with a guild chapter in an important engagement. As a result of negotiations over the firing of seven members of the *Star-Eagle* staff, Mr. Block has agreed that a bonus ranging from one week's pay for less than a year's work to six months' pay for ten years' work or more will be paid to dismissed employees. One of the dismissed men, who is seventy-six years old and has been with the paper for fifteen years, was reinstated.

The first general contract negotiated with a publisher, however, was that closed by the Philadelphia guild with J. David Stern, publisher of the Philadelphia *Record* as well as of the New York *Post.* Under that contract a closed shop is established on the *Record,* with a check-off system for the collection of guild dues. The scale of minimum wages, covering only the first three years of employment, assured immediate increases to many of the staff.

At present it is the liberal publishers, such as Roy Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, to whom the newspapermen are looking for the squarest deal. Friendly though cautious, it is men like Mr. Howard who stand to profit most by meeting the guild halfway. Without waiting for guild action the Scripps-Howard management recently increased wages 5 per cent. Salaries had been cut twice, 10 per cent each time, during the depression.

One of the most effective activities of the guilds has been the determination of the economic status of editorial workers through questionnaires. In New York City responses came from 597 men and women, the majority of whom are college graduates and most of whom have had many years' experience in the newspaper business. Of those responding, 33.5 per cent were earning $35 a week or less, 31.3 per cent were receiving between $35.01 and $50 a week, and 35.2 per cent were receiving $50.01 or more a week. These wages compare with those in the mechanical departments as follows: compositors, $48.25 on day shift, $51.25 on night shift, and $54.25 on the "lobster" shift; stereotypers, $55.50; pressmen, $46. None of the mechanical employees find themselves in the "$35 a week or less" class.

Average salaries for the various classes of editorial work are given in the following table, which is compiled from the results of questionnaires in New York City, Rockford, Illinois, and Richmond, Virginia:

Classification	*New York*	*Richmond*	*Rockford*
Editors	$100.83	$54.00	$37.60
Feature writers	74.37	——	——
Rewrite men	53.35	——	——
Artists	50.83	——	——
Copy readers	48.85	26.00	27.73
Reporters	45.63	36.00	26.94
Photographers	43.45	30.00	35.00
Deskmen	37.86	——	17.87
Clerks	25.50	——	——
Copy boys	15.42	——	——
Women employees	——	27.00	——
Sports writers	——	37.37	——

The newspaper guilds are already performing one great service for the public. Newspaper readers who have not been quite certain whether the papers they read were published in the interests of the masses or of the privileged are now being given revealing evidence. The actions of the publishers in dealing with the local newspaper guilds are indicating in an indisputable manner the social policies their newspapers reflect. Few will be fooled by a newspaper that professes liberal editorial policies but deals with the guild in a reactionary manner.

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At Last We're Getting Out of Haiti

By ERNEST GRUENING

NO more striking example of the Roosevelt-Hull new Latin American policy can be found than our imminent withdrawal from Haiti. Though less important in the eyes of the world than President Roosevelt's continentalizing of the Monroe Doctrine and the abolition of the Platt Amendment, the proposed manner of our leaving Haiti is a more conclusive proof of the high purpose and good faith of the New Deal in inter-American affairs.

Consider, first, that the Roosevelt Administration was, as far as Haiti is concerned, under virtually no compulsion. True, our invasion had had its unfavorable repercussions throughout Latin America. True, as Exhibit A in our record of financial imperialism, it had been utilized by Japan to justify its own military ventures on the Asiatic mainland. True, it incarnated as long as it lasted variants of the "big stick" and "manifest destiny" policies so odious to the other American states. Nevertheless, the Haitians have been isolated from their Latin American sister nations by the difference in language and by race. The lyrics of a Dominican Fabio Fiallo or a Nicaraguan Salomon de la Selva would find welcome in the Hispanic press of a score of cities and reecho from the Mexican mesa to the pampas of the Argentine. Not so the French protests of the Haitians. While color prejudice is happily absent in Latin America, and African blood is an important admixture in the ethnic content of not fewer than eight peoples, Haiti's being officially "black" has served further to isolate it and to exclude it from the solidarity which our imperialism evoked. It may be presumed that if the United States had healed all other sore spots remaining from our recent period of expansion, we could probably have continued in Haiti unperturbed.

Consider, second, that our control in Haiti, lessened by successive steps in the last four years, had reached a point where it could no longer be deemed seriously oppressive. The Forbes Commission sent down by President Hoover in 1930 recommended the evacuation of our marines before the expiration in May, 1936, of the treaty we imposed in 1915, and the immediate restoration of constitutional government. Haiti, which for fifteen years had existed under a marine-corps dictatorship, dangling a puppet-President, was permitted to have representatives of its own choosing. Its Congress assembled in 1930 for the first time since it had been dissolved in 1917 by Generals Cole and Butler for refusing to ratify a new constitution drafted in Washington. In the succeeding two years of the Hoover Administration, "Haitianization" progressed, but with no diminution of the financial control which had been the real motivation of our going in. A treaty drawn up in 1932 by United States Minister Dana G. Munro and Haiti's Foreign Minister, Albert Blanchet, to replace the existing 1915 treaty retained the fiscal overlordship of the United States—the collection of customs by American officials, supervision of internal taxation, the interdiction to modify taxes or tariff duties without the American financial adviser's consent—not merely until the expiration of the old treaty but for the life of the loan (due 1952). In that, the new treaty carried out the protocol and loan contract, likewise forced upon the Haitians in 1919 and 1922, respectively, which stipulated that during the life of the loan, even after the expiration of the treaty, the collection and allocation of the hypothecated revenues would be under the control of an "officer or officers" nominated by the President of the United States. In all negotiations leading up to the treaty of 1932 the United States was adamant for retaining the financial provisions. But while Secretary Stimson hailed the treaty as a happy solution of the Haitian episode, within a very few days of its publication the Haitian Assembly rejected it by unanimous vote. The Hoover Administration was then drawing to a close, and no further attempt to settle the Haitian situation was made.

Some five months after the Roosevelt Administration had taken office, on August 7, a new agreement emerged bearing the signatures of Norman Armour, United States Minister in Haiti, and again of Albert Blanchet. The new agreement made some slight modifications in favor of the Haitians, eliminated a United States military mission to Haiti after our occupation should be withdrawn, introduced the element of arbitration, but left the financial control essentially unmodified. There was still to be a corps of American officials supervising the collection by Haitians of customs duties; there was still the prohibition to modify tariffs or taxes without the financial adviser's consent; there was still the obligation to balance the budget, a demand somewhat amusing from a nation whose own budget was billions of dollars out of balance. The significant feature of this new "executive agreement"—or *accord* as it was termed in Haiti—was its assumption that it would not require ratification by the Congress of either country. The Haitian Congress was not then in session and was not due to convene until the following April—1934—when some of the provisions of the new agreement would have already gone into effect. It was difficult to avoid the conclusion that this method of executive treaty-making was a somewhat disingenuous attempt to evade the popular will in Haiti. In the face of mounting protests President Vincent praised the agreement highly as a great achievement for Haiti, and denounced its critics. The President's enthusiasm for the agreement made it extremely difficult for Americans who had hoped, as part of the New Deal, to liquidate at an early date our imperialist venture in Haiti. Obviously, if the President of Haiti considered the agreement a triumph, and its Haitian critics mere malcontents and agitators, what validity had any outsider's protest? Nevertheless, President Vincent, in response to growing objections at home, coupled with the criticism of the *accord* by friends of Haiti in the United States, wrote President Roosevelt on November 16, 1933, asking that the United States "renounce the financial control in Haiti by a spontaneous act which would be the most eloquent affirmation of a common will toward friendship, toward better understanding, toward inter-American economic cooperation and collaboration for the well-being, respectively, of the three Americas."

The State Department's reaction to this plea was that

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it was but a gesture on the part of President Vincent to placate politicians at home and to make clear to them the inexorable attitude of the United States. On November 28 President Roosevelt—in a letter, needless to say, prepared for him in the State Department—rejected President Vincent's request, saying that in his judgment the United States was "under an unescapable obligation to carry out the Treaty of 1915 and the Protocol of 1919, and in the agreement of August 7, 1933," had "made appropriate provision to that end," and that upon this obligation "the bond-holders are entitled to insist."

In short, as late as last November the Roosevelt Administration, after due consideration, had definitely reaffirmed the financial policy in Haiti of four preceding American Presidents. That policy, reduced to its simplest terms, was that we had gone into Haiti *vi et armis* to collect claims of Americans against the Haitian government, had compelled the Haitians to agree to settle those claims, compelled them to borrow from our bankers to pay those claims and to give us control of their finances—at *their* further expense—until the last cent had been repaid. Such an attitude was a flagrant denial of the very policies which Secretary Hull was about to propound at Montevideo, a weird materializing of the "good neighbor" policy, and a strange departure from the President's implications in his inaugural about the flight of the "money changers." The point to bear in mind, however, at this juncture was that this new arrangement (of August 7) validating an "old deal" and a rotten one, was a *fait accompli*. Whether or not the Haitian National Assembly, eight months after the event, could have successfully insisted on its right to pass on this executive agreement—which it would of course have rejected as it had rejected the similar treaty of 1932—will never be known.

Upon Secretary Hull's return from Montevideo, there being a will, not previously visible in the State Department, to reverse the policy already established by the Administration, the way was found. It required a volte-face. It has been done. We have agreed to get out, bag, baggage, fiscal agents, collectors of customs, marines, and all. We shall not wait until the expiration of the treaty on May 3, 1936. It had previously been arranged that the marines would be withdrawn not later than the end of next October. The existing treaty officials, the financial controllers, will be withdrawn almost immediately—as soon as the Haitian Assembly, which is now studying the project, and our Senate ratify it. Assuming ratification, there will be by November 1 no United States official in Haiti. The Stars and Stripes will have been hauled down from the barracks back of the Palais National in Port-au-Prince. Haiti will again be free, sovereign, and independent as it was for 111 years before our intervention.

There is even more. The National Bank of Haiti, since the time of our occupation a branch of the National City Bank of New York, is to be acquired by the Haitian government. This bank was an important factor in bringing about intervention. One of its vice-presidents in the second decade of this century, Roger L. Farnham, had long been active in Haiti and was president of the Haitian railroad whose claim against the Haitian government, together with the claim of the National City Bank, furnished the economic motivation for our intervention. Thereafter its role in Haiti was succinctly expressed in the title of one of the earlier *Nation* articles: "Government of, by, and for the National City Bank." During sixteen years of occupation the National City was the bank of Charles E. Mitchell. Fifteen months ago Mr. Mitchell was succeeded by James H. Perkins, a change almost as important in its consequences to Haiti as the change of leadership in Washington. Mr. Perkins readily accepted the suggestion, made to him from private sources and approved by the Administration, that the bank be sold to the Haitian government.

The new treaty between the United States and Haiti is a short document which does little more than declare that the existing treaty is abrogated, and makes allusion to the new arrangment between the government of Haiti, the bank, and the bond-holders. The bank, which has long acted as the government's treasury and disbursing agent, will in addition to those functions take charge of the service on the loan. It will receive, as for the past sixteen years, the customs duties, henceforth to be collected under Haitian supervision, and will remit such sums as are due in interest and amortization to the holders of the bonds. The bank, incidentally, is being sold to Haiti at a reasonable price, only in part cash down. Until the balance is paid and the service of the debt completed, representatives of the bond-holders and of the present financial control in Haiti will constitute a majority on the bank's board of directors. But they have no power of compulsion. The arrangement is a private business contract. Haiti is simply on its honor to fulfil its obligations, and when these are discharged the directorate of the bank may be whatever the Haitian government at that time elects. The United States government's hands are off.

It is a highly satisfactory denouement. As far as the American participants in the negotiations are concerned, it is a creditable and generous one. The Administration at Washington has yielded more than was necessary. Mr. Perkins has asked a fair price for the bank, payable on easy terms. The bank has been making moderate profits in recent years, some of which are derived from the services rendered the Haitian government. If, under Haitian control, the bank can continue to be run as efficiently as it has been, these profits will accrue to Haiti, which incidentally saves henceforth the cost of these charges.

For the first time in its relations with Haiti the United States has truly played the part of the "good neighbor." So this is not the occasion to dwell on the story of the eighteen years' occupation. Events have more than justified *The Nation's* attitude on the Haitian question. The adventure netted us nothing but ill-will and bitterness in Haiti, suspicion and distrust in Latin America. It cost the taxpayers of the United States ten times the amount which a few private American interests collected by intervention through the use of the United States Navy. It is doubtful that our occupation will have conferred any lasting benefit on the Haitians, though it is to be hoped that something of the fine impulse given to public health and sanitation by the navy medical corps will carry on. As for the well-trained constabulary, or army, intended for the preservation of law, order, and stability, one can only pray that it will not follow the disastrous course which a similar organization has taken in Santo Domingo and bids fair to take in Nicaragua—transformation into a dictator's instrument of oppression. But for the moment one may rejoice that the United States has abandoned the policy of force and is substituting the policy of fair dealing and good-will.

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The Socialist Party Speaks Out

By SIDNEY HERTZBERG

IT has always been characteristic of the Socialist movement that it has been able to adjust its tactics to changing circumstances. These adjustments have not been notable for their timing, but neither have the conditions which necessitated them been easily recognizable. At its recent convention in Detroit the Socialist Party of the United States adjusted its tactics and prepared to meet eventualities which it had never before thought close enough to warrant consideration. It did not abandon any of its fundamental principles. It did not embrace communism. It did not direct its followers to throw up barricades and start shooting.

The new declaration of principles, which is the relevant document, was passed by the substantial margin of 10,822 to 6,512. The party was not "seized" by the left wing in the sense that anything was put over on it. Vigorous self-criticism had been going on in the Socialist Party for many months. The declaration was debated for two and one-half hours at the convention and was supported by Norman Thomas, Harry W. Laidler, James D. Graham, president of the Montana Federation of Labor, and the entire Wisconsin delegation, including Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee and Leo Krzycki, national chairman of the party and vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. No one in his right mind has ever thought of calling these men irresponsible extremists. The declaration, perhaps with a few editorial changes to meet the particularly vicious criminal-syndicalism laws in some States, will be submitted to a referendum of all party members. A strong attempt will be made to defeat it, but the convention will probably be upheld.

What does the declaration contain? In the first place, whatever it says is said directly and forcefully. It has a provocative tone which reveals the state of mind of its authors. The first two-thirds consists of statements which are axiomatic with Socialists. The question of violence is disposed of in plain language: "In its struggle for a new society the Socialist Party seeks to obtain its objectives by peaceful and orderly means."

It then considers the role of the Socialist Party in times of catastrophe. Socialists will meet war "by massed war resistance, organized so far as practicable in a general strike of labor unions and professional groups in a united effort to make the waging of war a practical impossibility and to convert the capitalist war crisis into a victory for socialism."

In fighting fascism the Socialist Party will rely "on the organization of a disciplined labor movement," and "its methods may include a recourse to a general strike which will not merely serve as a defense against fascist counter-revolution but will carry the revolutionary struggle into the camp of the enemy." If this seems left wing, compare it with the following excerpts from a resolution on Socialism and Democracy submitted to the convention by the New York right wing: "Where reaction strives to destroy the democracy won by the workers, the Socialist Party will strive to effect an alliance of all working-class organizations and other allies opposed to reaction, mobilizing their united power in organized and disciplined resistance, including the stoppage of industry if it appears that such action is required and the organized workers have sufficient unity of purpose to effect it." And: "The Socialist answer to open or covert attempts by a reactionary clique to destroy democracy is an open declaration of resistance by all means available to the working-class and other democratic elements of the population."

The declaration repeats: "If capitalism can be superseded by majority vote, the Socialist Party will rejoice." But, "if the crisis comes through denial of majority rights after the electorate has given us a mandate, we shall not hesitate to crush by our labor solidarity the reckless forces of reaction and to consolidate the socialist state." Furthermore, "If the capitalist system should collapse in a general chaos and confusion, which cannot permit of orderly procedure, the Socialist Party, whether or not in such a case it is a majority, will not shrink from the responsibility of organizing and maintaining a government under the workers' rule."

What the Socialist Party has done in this series of "if's" is to recognize the fact that thousands of its present and potential supporters want to know what the party will do if these subjunctives become declaratives. The inquiries are based not so much on the imminence of war or fascism in the United States as on the difficulties of European socialism in resisting these scourges. The American Socialists' answer is not an elaborate blueprint but a sketch of the course which, under similar circumstances, would seem most logical in view of the experiences of their comrades. They have indicated that they are aware of what, in retrospect, are socialism's errors in judgment, and they have promised to strengthen the obvious weapons of the working class and to apply them before they are destroyed unused.

In other words, a course which many Socialists, particularly in America, have always felt was implicit in their doctrine has now been made explicit. Objective world conditions seemed to necessitate such outspokenness in spite of the fact that American socialism is not now in a position to effectuate its program. If the Socialist Party of the United States has the body of a child and the mind of a man, it is because the child is forced to face an adult world. As a matter of fact, the question on which there will probably be most of the division among Socialists is not whether or not these new items are part of Socialist policy, but whether or not they should be put forward now or at any other time. Only the most inveterate and irreconcilable parliamentarists will maintain that the course outlined is not socialism.

These advanced sections of the declaration constitute, in effect, a "crisis program." They will reassure those who were beginning to doubt the integrity of the Socialist movement. But as yet they will play a small part in the day-to-day task of building a class-conscious labor movement. That job remains for the Socialist Party, and there is no magic formula in the declaration which will insure its instantaneous accomplishment.

Even where the declaration comes closest to sounding like communism, there is still a wide gap. The Socialists seek a peaceful change but they recognize that the ruling

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class may pick other weapons in a crisis and that the time may come when adherence to capitalist legality will be neither advisable nor possible. They will abandon bourgeois democracy reluctantly and gingerly, if and when it seems necessary to do so. The essence of communism on the other hand is the inevitability of violent upheaval and of the revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat. This basic difference, with all its implications, is too distinct to be obliterated by hysteria.

Along with this somewhat suppositional declaration of principles, the convention passed resolutions on labor unions, the NRA, and agriculture which indicated that the party had lost nothing of its realistic approach to problems of immediate importance. Party members who do organization work outside of the American Federation of Labor were instructed to make every effort to get their unions to affiliate with it. However, "where all efforts at affiliation have been exhausted, our members may recommend that the unions so formed remain independent." Industrial unionism and the eradication of undemocratic practices and race discrimination were reaffirmed. In order to carry out these policies, the various units of the party were instructed to coordinate the actions of their members in trade unions. While the labor resolution came from the Old Guard, the inclusion of the last point made it palatable to the militants.

The left-wing resolutions committee formulated a statement on the NRA which banished General Johnson and his works from the realms of socialism forever. Party members were even prohibited from serving on any NRA boards unless "expressly chosen by the workers and designated to represent them." The right wing won what it considered a vital point when a paragraph condemning the ideology, organizational set-up, and leadership of the A. F. of L. was eliminated from the resolution.

Particular care was taken in formulating the agricultural platform. In order to give the farmer security in the tenure of his farm the platform proposes use as the sole title to land. "Plantations worked by sharecroppers and day laborers must be taken over by the public," the platform reads, "and farmed by individual farmers who have use leases or by cooperatives of working farmers." One of the immediate demands was the stabilization of farm prices "in proportion to the products of industry."

A brief Congressional platform was adopted with practically no dissension. Instead of putting forward a list of legislative proposals, it states in part: "Pending the realization of our final objective, we pledge our party and our public officials to act upon such measures as come before them solely as they will secure for producers the products of their labor and free them from the exploitation of industry's private owners."

With the exception of James Oneal, editor of the *New Leader,* the right wing is not represented on the party's new national executive committee. However, a sharp distinction should be made between Oneal's position and the ultra-rightism of Louis Waldman. The strength of the right wing at the convention was concentrated among delegates from New York City, Pennsylvania, and California. With occasional exceptions the rest of the convention was on the left. Considering the fact that the proceedings were largely a struggle for power within the party, not only between right and left but also between some groups within the left, the convention ended on a surprisingly clear and a genuinely hopeful note, audible even above the discordant outcries of the right.

King Cotton and His Slaves

By J. CLARK WALDRON

DRIVEN off the land, destitute, in rags, thousands of sharecroppers and tenant farmers are face to face with starvation in the cotton belt. These sharecroppers and their families are scattered over nine States. They are the victims of the AAA acreage-reduction program. Many thousands of them have no food or clothing and only the most meager shelter. While their plight becomes worse, Southern plantation owners are industriously imitating their Northern brothers, the industrialists, and are chiseling hard. There is every evidence that on many of the large plantations there will be as much cotton planted this year as last. The number of sharecroppers, however, is being reduced; in many instances sharecroppers who are given land are assigned plots that have been taken from others.

Those permitted to remain on the land and those driven off are virtually in the same desperate plight; the majority own nothing but the tattered clothes they wear. They are being crushed—blotted out. Their very existence is hanging in the balance. No "act of God," no cyclone, hurricane, earthquake, or other natural phenomenon could have made their condition more desperate or more pitiable. A trip into the cotton belt, which embraces some forty million acres of the richest land that man could want to yield him bountiful crops, should convince anyone that here is the largest slum in the world.

As a newspaperman for more than eighteen years I have visited slums in many cities, and nowhere have I seen anything more appalling—not even the fringe of the Barbary Coast of old San Francisco, nor Halstead Street in Chicago—than these Southern slums of the Delta lands. They are taking toll in human life—which seems cheaper than ever now—and having tragic social consequences. They are the shame not alone of the South but of the civilization which scorns the lowly folk who live in them, and exploits their misery for profits. These slums of the cotton belt show rugged individualism at its worst.

The average sharecropper boasts a family of seven or eight. They live day in and day out on ground corn and water and a little grease, in a rickety, weather-beaten, unpainted house with many cracks for the wind, sand, and rain to pour through. The average sharecropper's house is made of boards nailed together; there is no plaster or wall paper. One, two, or three rooms—a bed, a table, a stove. That is all. In such a shelter winter is a nightmare. It is the exception to find magazines or newspapers in these homes; perhaps there is a Bible. The men have one pair of faded cover-

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alls with many patches and the women frayed gingham garments. All the household possessions of the average sharecropper family living on five to twenty acres are worth not more than $20, and often less. Perhaps there is one-third of an acre for a garden.

Spring comes and as the giant cypress trees turn green, the family hopefully looks to the soil, and the fields become ribboned furrows. Then comes planting time, when the family will be momentarily secure from hunger as it may then get "furnishings." It will be given a "doodle book" by the commissary. Then, often, lightning strikes—in the form of a notice to move. The owner wants the shack, wretched as it is, for his own purposes. Many thousands of families have received eviction notices this year.

One of these families is living in a corn crib near Tyronza, Arkansas. There were six in this family when it was "put off the land." Now there are seven. The youngest was born in the corn crib out in the middle of a plowed field. There was no doctor, although one did visit the family later. The family has lived on weeds from the field and some cornmeal cooked with water in an old stove retrieved from a dump. The roads in the back country are dotted with families driven from the land.

Here are a few investigated samples of sharecropper distress:

Frank Turney, twenty-eight, a former soldier, has no job and his family is homeless. They have nothing but the ragged clothes on their backs.

Mason Konig, of Parkin, Arkansas, is doubling up in a cabin with Henry Alexander. He will have a tiny garden for his family but that is all.

Thomas Jordan, also of Parkin, has three children who cannot go to school. His total earnings last year on fourteen acres of land amounted to $127.50 and he paid 10 per cent for credit.

Claude Carmack, a veteran of the navy, has seven children. He is ill. He has no crop. The family is destitute.

Dan Hannely has been forced to move from Poulter's farm near Keiser, Arkansas, where he had sharecropped for twenty-nine years.

L. C. Brooks, of Wilson, Arkansas, has been told by his landlord to move unless he agrees to pay five-eighths of the year's crop. The usual sharecropper arrangement is half for himself and half for the landlord, but owing to the scarcity of land under the acreage-reduction program many landlords are seeking a larger share of the crop.

P. M. Barton, another Arkansas sharecropper, evicted without a settlement by his landlord, says he was told, "This gun is what we settle with."

Jim Williams of Keiser is on the road with five children. He and his family are penniless.

One deputy sheriff in northern Arkansas has served seventeen eviction notices on sharecroppers.

"Conditions are so bad that they can't be described," said Sterling Bright, who was put off the land in Cross County. "The owners are getting all they can get from the land. There will be as much cotton as ever. One of the worst offenders is Twist Brothers, who have about seventy-five sections of land. They have pushed the white sharecroppers off the land and substituted day colored labor at fifty cents a day. That frees the land so far as Twist Brothers are concerned. Negroes are brought in from the South to take the places of the white families. They have nothing to live on. All they could buy when they had crops was beans, salt meat, potatoes, flour, and coffee. Now they are starving and relief has been cut off."

Raymond Phelps, twenty-three, of Truman, Arkansas, is the support of his widowed mother and four other children who cannot go to school because they have neither clothes nor books. For six weeks the family got $2.25 a week and then this relief stopped. The family has one pig and $25 worth of furniture.

The writer recently witnessed a demonstration in Truman, Arkansas, by 150 men who threatened to take things into their own hands. Town officials quickly raised food for them. One man told the writer his family had had nothing but syrup to eat, and the two children had gone to school all that day with nothing to eat. Truman is known throughout Arkansas as a Singer Sewing Machine Company town.

Systematic investigation over a large area in Arkansas, Tennesseee, and Mississippi has brought out the following facts about conditions:

1. Acreage allotments for some sharecroppers are being increased at the very time that others are being denied access to the land. This is in flagrant violation of the contract authorized by the government.

2. Large families are being discriminated against in favor of smaller ones.

3. Sharecropping is being displaced rapidly by day labor paid fifty to seventy-five cents a day.

4. "Furnishings," or supplies of food doled out by company commissaries at so much per head per family, are being cut to a minimum, in cases as low as $2 per person per month, and some families have been refused such furnishings entirely.

5. In some cases there is evidence that cotton acreage is being increased instead of reduced.

6. Because of their widespread illiteracy many sharecroppers are taken advantage of and cheated. They are charged as much as twenty-five cents on the dollar for credit at commissaries and overcharged for the food they get as well. In many cases sharecroppers never get written statements from the plantation owners.

Many anti-social forces are at work:

1. Brutality is in evidence. The "nigger" is still a "damned nigger" in the riding boss's eyes, and the boss uses the whip he carries, sometimes on white sharecroppers. One educated Negro father left the plantations so his daughters would not have to suffer indignities at the hands of riding bosses.

2. The school systems in many places are breaking down. The consolidated schools are often controlled by the politicians and landowners.

3. Pellagra, malaria, rickets, and venereal diseases are prevalent and on the increase.

4. Child labor is used everywhere. Small children work in the fields chopping and picking cotton. Most sharecroppers never heard of Margaret Sanger. One physician interviewed said that the socialization of medicine is the only cure for disease on the plantations, and that at least 45 per cent of the so-called "shiftlessness" of white and Negro workers on the plantations is due to malnutrition and lack of education in public health.

These people who plow the ground, plant the cotton, nurture it, and pick the white fiber that goes into the clothes

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of millions and into a thousand manufactured articles—including munitions of war—are crushed to the bottom of the pile. They are a challenge not only to social crusaders but to economists, for just to house them properly would put millions to work at once. Housed and fed they would become a mighty consuming power. On the lowest rung of the ladder, they not only arouse the sympathy of humanitarians, but they are Exhibit A of what has become of American prosperity. Cotton may be king, but these folk who produce it are certainly slaves.

In the Driftway

THIS is the vacation season, a time when everyone is popularly supposed to be contemplating—if he happens to be so fortunate as to be employed at all—a temporary release from work in the form of a vacation holiday. The Drifter never takes a vacation, partly, as his crueler acquaintances assure him, because he never works. But he has observed a good many other persons on holiday, and these observations have led him to believe that taking a vacation is about the hardest work done during the year.

* * * * *

FIRST there are the family arguments, beginning in the early spring, about what to do with the holiday time this year. These take up a number of evenings, give rise to considerable acrimony, and generally end in a proposition that the family do the same thing it did the year before. As the holiday time approaches, the matter is complicated by the release from school of all the children, who clutter up the front parlor, fill the kitchen to overflowing, and make the house loud with their plans to fish, swim, play ball, all of which plans involve the purchase of costly equipment which their harassed parents could not afford without forgoing all other vacation plans. About a week before the gala day every member of the family is in a state of nervous hysteria, the house is filled with articles that must be taken along although they cannot possibly be packed in the available luggage, and it is discovered that nobody has the right clothes, there is no money to buy new ones, and accordingly mending, cleaning, and general refurbishing have to be included in the things that must be done before the fatal Saturday night of departure.

* * * * *

THE Drifter would prefer to draw a veil over this heartbreaking scene. He would prefer not to mention the unfortunate train connections, the resort food, advertised as "fresh garden vegetables and new-laid eggs," but obviously coming from the pile of cans back of the kitchen door; he would like to forget the poison ivy, the mosquitoes, the painful sunburn, the fish that would not bite, the sun that would not shine, the wind that would not blow for the sailing party, the mildew in the tents, the frankfurters half cooked over an open fire, the hard, hard bed made by Mother Earth on the night when the family decided to sleep outdoors on the mountain top. Better to think of the blessed day when the holiday is over and everybody returns, to sleep the sleep of the completely exhausted in his own bed once more.

TIME was when "holiday" meant a release from work for the express purpose of worshiping God in some particular fashion. A later time came when it meant a festival, a cessation of one's regular activity for recreation and pleasure. What it means to countless persons now, the Drifter has tried to point out. The remedy would seem to be to keep on working quietly all summer, without mentioning the subject of vacations at all. Or possibly, if the breadwinner of the family was seen to be sitting idle in the living-room some Monday morning, when by all the rules he should be at work, no notice should be taken of the fact. If he presented himself at the noonday meal, he might be served unostentatiously, the children might be cautioned to speak in hushed whispers, and until the "holiday" period was over a kind of quarantine might be maintained in the house, as if in the presence of some highly contagious disease. All this may sound very desolate to those of a romantic nature, but the Drifter will guarantee sounder bodies and calmer minds to face a hard winter if some such substitute for the regular "vacation" is adopted. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Which Is the Greatest Crime?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the Chicago *Tribune* of May 19 appeared a news item reporting that four election officials convicted of falsifying the returns of the election of November 8, 1932, had been sentenced by the judge to sixty days in jail. In contrast with this light punishment for a very grave offense, note what happened the same day in another Chicago court to six persons accused of "conspiring to assault police" in connection with a "relief-station riot." The same issue of the *Tribune* reports that all six were sentenced to one to five years in the penitentiary, plus fines of $750 each. Five of these were Negroes, the sixth a twenty-three-year-old white girl, "said by the police to be a Communist."

It is far more disgraceful and dangerous to harbor "radical ideas" or engage in any vigorous protest against hardships than it is to steal elections. In the latter case even after a conviction (which is most unlikely) the offense is recognized as merely an incident in the game. Both sides do it, therefore no one is much shocked if some are caught at it.

Chicago's downtown streets have been littered for more than a year because no effort is made to prevent the distribution of cards and handbills advertising barber shops, tea rooms, et cetera. But one misguided youth on State Street passed out dodgers "expressing Communist views." The Chicago *Tribune* of May 25 reports his arrest and the infliction of a fine of $50 and costs. It will take him far longer to work this out at the workhouse than the term of the election stealers.

Berwyn, Ill., May 28 C. H. COYLE

Militant Artists

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Under the caption of "Education and Emergency Relief" our "established institutions" are getting away with some economic processes which would shame the Georgia peonage code.

There is a new form of dependency made popular by the depression. It is what we call "peonage" when Southern Bour-

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bons are exposed, but what, in its home environment, is termed "vocational placement." This new form of peonage offers artists and teachers "board and room" as sole remuneration for expert services, including from one to five specialized branches. In view of these facts, it is no wonder that artists are becoming socially articulate, and are voicing protests against such slavery. The alternative to it is $2.50 worth of weekly "relief," and rental checks of $15 monthly.

Two militant platforms of vital importance to all artists have recently been launched by artists' organizations in New York City. These are the plan for a permanent municipal gallery and center by the Artists' Committee of Action, and resolutions and a code for an immediate and permanent government creative works' program by the Artists' Union. Both platforms are being supported by a growing membership of professional artists, as well as by advisory boards of other prominent persons.

New York, May 19 ROSA PRINGLE HECHT
ZOLTAN HECHT

Francesco Ruffini

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Will you allow us to bring to the attention of the American public the great loss suffered by liberals throughout the world by the recent death of Senator Francesco Ruffini, leader of the now disbanded Italian Liberal Party? Senator Ruffini did not make of politics his first and chief calling. He was, and remained until the end, a great scholar, whose works on religious liberty, Jansenism, Cavour, and Manzoni won for him European renown. In 1914 he entered the Italian Senate, and from then on his place in Italian political life became more and more conspicuous. He was Minister of Public Instruction in 1916 and 1917, at the same time being responsible for the work of several civilian organizations which helped considerably toward making life less dreadful for the soldiers at the battle front.

When the fighting was over, Ruffini was among the first to recognize the necessity of constitutional reform if free political institutions were to survive in Italy. His proposals for the reform of the Senate were far-reaching, but not sufficient to stay the growing political unrest of the times. When Mussolini seized power in 1922, Ruffini went at once into opposition, and until 1929, at the head of the remnants of his party, he waged in the Senate a very courageous, if hopeless, fight against the growing Fascist despotism.

After 1929 it became impossible, even in the Senate, to voice any forceful opposition to Signor Mussolini's policies. Ruffini then gave up active political life, resuming with youthful zest his historical studies and his academic teaching. For over thirty years he had been professor of church history at the University of Turin. In 1931 the chair was taken away from him, after his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the Fascist regime. Students gave him a touching farewell and many thousands of them will certainly long remember his brilliant lectures, his witty and humorous repartee, and his always amazing learning.

The dismissal forced him to give up his house and his splendid library in Turin. At seventy Francesco Ruffini retired alone to his house in the mountains. A little over a year later, on March 30, 1934, he died. He exemplified, at their best, the traditional characteristics of Italian liberalism. He was never partisan or unreasonable in his opposition to fascism, nor did he lend his ear to proposals of violent revolt. But he was sturdy and unflinching to the last in his defense of liberty and he never compromised. It is fitting, we believe, that American liberals should pay homage to his name.

New York, May 8 A GROUP OF ITALIAN LIBERALS

The Intelligent Traveler

European Summer Schools

II

LAST year 155 summer schools were in session in 17 European countries. They proved popular with Americans, of whom they enrolled almost 2,000. Residence at a summer school is, of course, cheaper than travel. It affords the further advantages of intellectual stimulation, gained from serious endeavor, and of greater understanding of the national life, obtained by dwelling among the people.

The previous article discussed schools to be open this summer in England, France, and Germany. Particulars regarding summer-school sessions in all European countries may be obtained from the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

SOVIET RUSSIA

The First Moscow University offers summer courses in art and literature, education, economics, sociology, psychology, and aeronautics. Lectures run for about four weeks and are followed by two weeks of travel in the Soviet Union. Instruction is in English. Those attending the school are expected to spend six weeks in the Soviet Union, arriving July 17 or 19 and leaving August 27 or 29. Courses are $20 each. A flat sum of $184.80 covers living and travel expenses in the Soviet Union. The round trip to and from the Soviet Union may be arranged at a cost of $216 for third-class accommodations. Address the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

ITALY

The Royal Italian University for Foreigners at Perugia offers courses in "advanced culture," language, phonetics, and grammar. The "culture" courses include lectures on modern Italy as well as on Etruscology, history of art, and history of Italian thought. The full period extends from July 1 through September, but students may register for short courses of twenty-seven days. The fee for attendance at all the courses in language and literature is $13.09 for one month; $17.46 for the full term. Fees in other departments are comparable. Accommodations and meals at a student hostel cost $31.42 a month. Discounts are given to students at neighboring hotels and restaurants.

Under the general supervision of the Italian Inter-University Institute summer courses are offered at the universities of Rome, July 5 to August 29; Florence, July 14 to August 28; and Sienna, July 15 to September 2.

SPAIN

The Madrid summer sessions, established in 1912, have enrolled 3,000 foreign students since they were opened by the Centro Estudios Históricos. The courses are primarily for teachers of the Spanish language, but include lectures on Spanish literature. The total cost of attending the four weeks' session, exclusive of transportation, is estimated at between $104 and $139.

For the second year the University of Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, will run a summer session for foreigners during August. Spanish art, music, and literature are emphasized, and there are also language courses. The fee for each course is $3.46. Accommodations with meals in the student halls, where Spanish students also live, cost as little as $1.18 per day.

The University of Liverpool is conducting a summer school of Spanish at San Sebastian during the last three weeks in

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August. The fee for the full course is $24.56. Other expenses will aggregate about $103.60.

Poland

Study of the peasant arts of Central Europe has been organized by the International School of Art, which has enlisted eminent authorities in Poland, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Austria to supervise itinerant courses. The work in each country is planned around the typical arts of the country. In Poland, for instance, from July 5 to 25, decorative arts and the technique of the woodcut are emphasized. The minimum price for this Polish course, inclusive of travel expenses and instruction, is $350 from New York to New York. Lack of space makes it impossible to give correspondening data for the courses in Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Austria. Information may be obtained from Helen B. MacMillan, Executive Secretary, 127 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York.

Austria

Summer courses in art and music, with emphasis on teaching, are offered in Vienna by a distinguished faculty, indorsed by the Austro-American Institute of Education. They include European Folklore, School Music for Children, Doing Art Work with Children (an important course given by Franz Cizek), and courses in the German language. The first session is from June 19 to July 15. The fee is $95, including board and lodging with a Viennese family. The Cizek course is $20 extra. Certain courses in folklore will be repeated in Vienna from July 16 to 28 and at Oetz in the Tyrol from August 14 to 26. Fees are $12 for each course.

The Elizabeth Duncan School at the Imperial Castle at Klessheim-Salzburg is attached to the project. The six weeks' program there during the Salzburg Festival (July 28 to August 31) includes much work with folk songs and principles of music, as well as work in the folk dance and eurythmics. The fee is $118, inclusive of board and lodging, excursions, and transportation from Vienna.

The rates for Italy and France as given above are based on the highest rate of exchange between January 1 and the present date. The rates for Austria, Poland, and Russia are quoted in dollars by the organizations offering the courses.

John Rothschild

Contributors to This Issue

Lincoln Kirstein, one of the editors of *Hound and Horn,* is the author of a life of Fokine.

John Scribner is a reporter on a New York newspaper.

Ernest Gruening, formerly an editor of *The Nation* and more recently editor of the New York *Post,* has long had a special interest in Latin America.

J. Clark Waldron is a St. Louis newspaperman who has been investigating conditions on the Southern plantations.

Henry Hazlitt, formerly an editor of *The Nation,* is now on the editorial staff of the New York *Times.*

Allen Tate is a poet and critic who lives in Tennessee.

Johannes Steel is the pseudonym of a German Social Democrat now a refugee in the United States.

Robert J. Goldwater is at work on a study of primitivism in the fine arts.

3rd Printing!

SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
VARYING SEX PRACTICES
SEXUAL SHORTCOMINGS (Impotence, Frigidity, Sterility, etc.)
SEX DANGERS (Coitus Interruptus, reservatus; etc.)
SEX ABNORMALITIES (Perversion, Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism, Exhibitionism, Homosexuality, Hermaphrodism, etc.)
REPRODUCTION, FERTILIZATION, HEREDITY, EUGENICS

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—*Medical Times (London)*

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Books and Films

What Determines Wages?

The Theory of Wages. By Paul H. Douglas. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE 1926 Hart, Schaffner, and Marx prize was awarded to Paul H. Douglas, professor of economics in the University of Chicago. Professor Douglas, however, asked to be granted further time to work on his subject, and his results appear at last in the present volume of 640 pages.

To the uninitiated it might seem that the question of how wages are determined is merely one among the scores of problems that economics is called upon to solve. In one sense this is true. Unfortunately, however (for the economist who has to do the work), it is impossible to treat wages in isolation from the rest of economic theory. An economist cannot have a sound theory of wages unless he has also a reasonably sound theory of value, of production, of interest, and of rent. Obviously, for example, we cannot know precisely what forces determine the share the laborer gets until we know also what forces determine the shares that capitalists, landowners, and managers get.

The problem of wages, in brief, is central in economic theory: it cannot be satisfactorily dealt with by mere "labor specialists," and it is one of the great merits of Professor Douglas's book that it recognizes this. The study of wages, seriously considered, is a herculean task, and Professor Douglas has not shrunk from bringing to it herculean industry. The thousand-odd volumes and articles listed in his bibliography comprise many more books on general theory and on collateral questions like population than books strictly on wages; and Professor Douglas appears to have at least dipped into nearly all of them. What is more, his greatest labors have not gone into mere problems of abstraction and deduction; they have gone into dredging and interpreting huge masses of statistics. His pages bristle with tables, charts, and mathematical equations. His study of "Real Wages in the United States (1890-1926)" has been the authoritative source book on its subject since its appearance in 1930. Here he makes further statistical studies of wages in other countries, of population, and of various correlations. Probably no one in the history of economics has brought more industry to his task than has Professor Douglas.

As readers of *The Nation* do not need to be told, Professor Douglas is a liberal; he has been a pioneer in the movement for unemployment insurance, and in 1932 he published a book urging the need for an American liberal-labor party. It is all the more significant, therefore, that his theory of wages is "orthodox." He adopts, in other words, not the bargaining or the exploitation theories popular among contemporary radicals, but the productivity theory. This holds that labor tends to receive in the long run the value that it specifically contributes to the total product it helps to create.

The classical economists did not hold this theory, but some of them, like Ricardo and James Mill, unconsciously contributed to its creation. It seems first to have received explicit recognition in the writings of the brilliant German economist Von Thünen in the early nineteenth century. It was rediscovered, and stated in its fullest, clearest, and architecturally its most beautiful form, by John Bates Clark—probably the greatest theoretician in the history of American economics—in "The Distribution of Wealth," published in 1901. No American economic book has been more roundly abused by radicals than this. This is partly because they lose sight of Clark's own qualifications, particularly his distinction between "static" and "dynamic" theory, and partly because Clark himself sometimes seems to forget the hypothetical assumptions on which his elaborate theoretical structure rests. Clark was certainly guilty of too much social complacency. He often fell into the assumption that if the productivity theory was correct, then existing wages in general, or the principles that determined them, were morally just—that labor got exactly what it was entitled to, and no less.

Professor Douglas examines the assumptions of the productivity theory with great care. Most of the criticisms of it he does not take very seriously. "No one who understands the productivity theory," he writes, "claims that it works with mathematical precision. It is enough if it is a broad and powerful tendency which brings wages into some degree of close conformity to it." Those, he asserts again, who have seen the degree of variance between real life and the assumptions of the productivity school, and who reject the theory because of this discrepancy, ignore the fact that "the assumptions do represent real tendencies which in the aggregate are probably more powerful than those of a conflicting nature." Professor Douglas's theory allows a place for "bargaining," properly understood, as any realistic theory of wages must, but he obviously regards it as a secondary rather than a primary force in determining the general level of wages.

What Professor Douglas does reject is any attempt to use the productivity theory as a moral vindication for the present system or existing wage payments:

> The marginal productivity theory is in fact merely an explanation of the way in which wages and interest are determined in a competitive and capitalistic society. It is not an ethical justification of what distribution "ought" to be. Many of its advocates have done it a disservice by erecting it into a moral apology for things as they are and have thereby aroused an understandable emotional revulsion against its validity as an analysis of how things happen.

The theory, for example, does not throw any real light upon the question of the degree to which capital ought to be privately owned. While capital is "productive," it does not follow that the capitalist always is; capital would still be productive even if its ownership were changed. Nor does it follow that the uses to which capitalists put their incomes are on the whole socially the best. One may, Professor Douglas even maintains, "be a supporter of either socialism, communism, or individualism and still square one's social philosophy" with the productivity theory.

What are Professor Douglas's own contributions to our understanding of wages? Perhaps the greatest may prove in the end to be a contribution of method and example—his great care to analyze all the assumptions involved, to give them wherever possible explicit quantitative or mathematical statement, to subject them constantly to statistical tests, to alternate deduction and induction. Immediately, his contribution is twofold: he has given to the productivity theory the most extensive and most remarkable statistical confirmation it has yet received; and he has worked out the precise degree of elasticity of the demand for and the supply of labor—at least as they have existed over a long period.

For the first he finds that in the period from 1890 to 1922 approximately 75 per cent of the value of the manufacturing output of the United States could be attributed to labor. In that part of the period (1909-18) for which figures have been compiled, the National Bureau of Economic Research found that wages and salaries formed on the average 74 per cent of the total value added by manufacture. This would indicate a remarkable correspondence between labor's specific contribution and its compensation. A similar correspondence, though less close, is found to exist in the case of New South Wales.

The elasticity of the demand for labor Professor Douglas

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finds to be between —3.0 and —4.0. Stated in less technical language, this means that where unemployment is caused by a wage rate which is higher than marginal productivity, a reduction of 1 per cent in the rate of wages should normally lead to an increase of 3 or 4 per cent in the volume of employment, and hence to an increase in the total income of the workers of from 2 to 3 per cent. If wages are pushed up above the point of marginal productivity, the decrease in employment would normally be from three to four times as great as the increase in hourly rates, so that the total income of the working class would be reduced. This figure for the elasticity of the demand for labor, arrived at inductively by Professor Douglas, is almost exactly the same as that arrived at deductively by A. C. Pigou in "The Theory of Unemployment."

The conclusion has a very important practical bearing at the present moment. We still have more than 10,000,000 unemployed, an appalling total that represents only a negligible reduction from our unemployment at its highest figure in March of 1933. Following the general collapse in prices of about 40 per cent from 1929 to 1932, hourly wages rates on the average did not decline more than 20 to 30 per cent. Prices in general are still below their 1929 level, but hourly wage rates on the average, according to some careful calculations, are either at or above that level. This result is largely owing to the NRA, the wage provisions of which have been almost unanimously indorsed by liberals—whose criticism, indeed, has mainly been that the NRA has not raised hourly wage rates high enough. But may not the increase in hourly wage rates that has taken place under the NRA be one of the most important factors that have been helping to prolong and that may tend to perpetuate the huge unemployment? In spite of the high hourly wage rates, labor as a whole, as a result of part-time employment and unemployment, is getting only half of the total wages it received in 1926. Might not labor as a body be getting much more, and might there not be a healthier distribution of total wage payments, as well as a greater volume of social production, if hourly wage rates were somewhat lower in relation to the general price level than they now are? Is not depriving 10,000,000 men and women altogether of work and income too high a price to pay for a slight gain in hourly wage rates—assuming that the last has now become at least an important partial cause of the first? These are questions that candid and realistic liberals might begin to ask themselves.

HENRY HAZLITT

T. S. Stribling

Unfinished Cathedral. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

WITH "Unfinished Cathedral" Mr. Stribling brings to an end his three-volume series of novels about the South. "The Forge" dealt with the period before and through the Civil War; "The Store," which won a Pulitzer prize, presents the same group of characters, a little older and with the additions of a generation, in the era of Cleveland's Administration. And now the new novel brings these unhappy citizens of Florence, Alabama, to the boom days following the Great War. With the death of Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, the former overseer who rose by theft to the most eminent place in the town, the old order vanishes, no new order takes its place, and a prospect of unrelieved chaos opens up at the end of the story.

If Mr. Stribling is to be taken seriously as a novelist, the Southern trilogy is his sole claim to critical attention. Without exception the previous books, which have brought their author that sort of notoriety which is easily mistaken for fame, are inferior exercises in sensational journalism. It has been said that they are serious indictments of the South, but it must be remembered that although "social conditions" in the South are possibly even more desperate and corrupt than Mr. Stribling's representation of them, his earlier books cannot in the long run be understood as indictments of anything but the inferior sensibility and imagination of the author. It is the fate of propagandists to be judged by the future not on the abstract statement of a thesis but on their merits as writers.

"Unfinished Cathedral" opens with Florence, Alabama, in the excitement of a real-estate boom after the Great War. Colonel Vaiden is master of the town. The "spiritual" expression of the boom is a large cathedral which when finished will be a modern community center with billiard rooms, handball courts, and shower baths. The Colonel contributes to the fund with the understanding that his nephew, Jerry Catlin, a preacher, will be employed as assistant minister; when the boom breaks, the Colonel loses nothing and is still able to support the cathedral, but Catlin, being secretly in love with the Colonel's young wife, wants to leave, and the Colonel withdraws his support. He starts to build a classical church in the old Southern style, but this "return to the past" is thwarted. As he stands under the unfinished portico, one of his former poor-white tenants throws a stick of dynamite at him; he is killed by a falling column.

In the meantime six Negro boys have been taken off a train and charged with raping a white girl. One of them turns out to be a grandson of the Colonel himself. He succeeds in removing the Negroes from the jail, where they are threatened by an organized lynching mob, thus saving his own blood. Before this episode Colonel Vaiden's daughter, aged seventeen and a student in the high school, goes to the first gathering of the mob with a boy who is a potential member of it. The Colonel is speaking against the lynching, and the mob taunts him with his ancient theft. The boy knocks down several of these taunters. The girl is impressed, and later that evening out of gratitude for the boy's "protection" she succumbs to him. She thinks little of it, but she does confess her undoing to one of her teachers, who is in love with her and who marries her when he learns that she is with child by the boy.

With the death of the Colonel and the marriage of his daughter the two main plots come to an end. It is a story every separate event of which, in its social and political aspect, is quite credible. The interconnection of these events in the actual experience of the characters is entirely incredible. Mr. Stribling has improved, as I shall indicate, in certain respects since an earlier book like "Teeftallow," but he is not, and he gives no evidence that he can ever become, a serious novelist. He is a writer of sensational melodrama. He takes certain external features of Southern life and uses them as the background of a clumsy, unmotivated plot. There are two aspects of this lack of motivation. The first is historical: the brutality of the Southern mob is presented as an instance of sheer perversity; it is a special quality of Southern mobs just because they are Southern. The second aspect is a defect of artistic insight: Mr. Stribling knows little about his people; he presents us with a clash of surfaces; and his chief moments of interest are invariably amorous passages or moments of conduct that can be referred to some sexual indiscretion. In all this trilogy one feels that Mr. Stribling mistakes the sexual life for the inner life of his characters, which he is, in a good Southern phrase, "smart enough" to expose.

There is in these novels no clearly understood social background; there is only a series of violent public events that are violently, that is to say, melodramatically, equated with the unmotivated action of his characters. If it were not for the early novels, in which the South is inherently wicked and the North inherently good, I should believe on the evidence of this last volume of the trilogy that Mr. Stribling is not a deliberate

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propagandist seeking to sway the sympathies, or worse, of a Northern and Eastern audience. I should try to believe that like Theodore Dreiser in "An American Tragedy" Mr. Stribling is so overwhelmed by his subject that the social phase of it, in isolation, has little meaning; where Mr. Dreiser is inchoate, awkward, ungrammatical, and impressive, Mr. Stribling tries for a certain finish of performance, and succeeds in being cramped and illiterate. But in this last volume Mr. Stribling begins to doubt his old thesis: although the characters are constantly thinking about their social position—an obsession that allows the Negro only his fear and hatred of the white man—there is not that simple correlation of evil with the South that we find in "Birthright" and "Teeftallow." Mr. Stribling actually lets a Southern school teacher refute an argument by a Northern lawyer! Nor is the Colonel killed by a poor white man whom he had cheated—the poor white had cheated him! This complication of plot, in which the propagandist's allegory begins to weaken, marks a great potential improvement in richness of subject.

Its net result at present is confusion; Mr. Stribling has finished up his trilogy by being neither novelist nor propagandist. His future is in doubt. A backward South is no longer a convenient thesis if the model of forwardness must be a distracted North. Mr. Stribling will have to try to become a novelist—a hard task for him. Perhaps future literary historians will marvel that people in the North wished to think so ill of the South that they gave to Mr. Stribling $1,000 in the year 1933.

ALLEN TATE

"Somebody Always Tells"

The Berlin Diaries. Edited by Helmut Klotz. With a Foreword by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. William Morrow and Company. $2.75.

MOWRER says in his foreword to this book, "Somebody always tells." Here it is General X who tells the inside story of one of the greatest betrayals in recent history; who tells in the matter-of-fact tone of a reliable Prussian officer reporting a military maneuver how a great people was sold and betrayed into the hands of a band of megalomaniacs, homosexuals, paranoiacs, criminals, lunatics, and cardsharpers for the price of a few thousand acres of land in East Prussia.

Many of us are more or less familiar with the intrigues and bargainings which led up to the fall of the German Republic. We know something of the cabals, corruption, betrayals, and jealousies which were the dominant features in the German political situation in 1932 and 1933. But this book throws a new and terrible light on the callousness, selfishness, greed, and fear of the period, the corruption and perversion for which secrecy was bought by delivering Germany into the hands of political gangsters and sadists.

The account is in the form of a daily journal covering the period from May 30, 1932, when Chancellor Brüning was dismissed, to January 30, 1933, when Hitler was appointed Chancellor. Because it comes not from a radical or liberal but from an honest and fearless conservative, it is doubly impressive. From such a source it is particularly interesting to hear that the Reichswehr to a man hated "Hitler and his brown buggers," despised the President, and was prepared up to the day of Hitler's appointment to support with its arms any united front of the left which included Socialists and Communists. It is appalling to learn of the blindness and cowardice of the Social Democratic leaders who had been given to understand that the army was waiting for a signal from them.

The Papen coup, which swept Severing and Braun out of office, caused a reaction in this Reichswehr general which he expressed as follows:

> *July 20, 1932.* It is enough to make one weep. So this is all that Severing amounts to. This is Otto Braun, the Red Czar of Prussia. I'm sorry, sorry to the depths of my heart, for the faithful, only too faithful, rank and file behind these wretched "officers." It was worth while to see how they lined up in the streets and waited and waited for the word of command to release them, joyously prepared for any intervention. But the word remained unsaid. Their leaders were half dead with funk. The faith these men have squandered and the hopes they have destroyed today can never be made good again.

Consider the picture of "Severing, Braun, and Breitscheid deserting in the face of the enemy when having a good fighting chance," as this officer calls it, and the picture of Hindenburg calling Hitler a "criminal lunatic who isn't capable of being a postmaster-general" one day, and the next day considering his appointment to the Chancellorship because Hitler had invented an "agricultural program" which would save Hindenburg's fraudulently acquired estate in East Prussia from bankruptcy, and had pledged himself to suppress the East German relief scandal, in which the President was involved. Consider also the picture of Captain Röhm selling the proof of Göring's insanity to Schleicher and of Göring turning up a few hours later at the War Ministry with the offer to hand over proof of Röhm's immoral behavior if given a job; of Papen corrupting Hindenburg and knifing Brüning and his friend Schleicher in the back.

While sixty million people were praying in agony for deliverance and salvation from a crisis that was driving them to despair, their chosen as well as self-appointed leaders were only concerned with the loot to be got from office. Whether it was Thyssen or Schacht, Hindenburg or Papen, Severing or Braun, Hitler or Goebbels, nobody thought or spoke of anything except the loot.

I shudder to think what will happen when the German people learn, as they inevitably will, the infamous story of their betrayal. The Rhine and the Elbe will be red with the blood of the usurpers. This book should be given to every student, should be read and reread by thousands, so that the world may learn what happens when vested interests set out to abolish democracy.

JOHANNES STEEL

Professor Dewey on Art

Art as Experience. By John Dewey. Minton, Balch and Company. $4.

IT is unfair to any aesthetics to treat it simply as the rounding out of a philosophic system. Only when an explanation of the arts is obviously unsatisfactory, having no correspondence with the objects and experiences it purports to interpret, have we a right to explain it in terms of concepts previously evolved by the philosopher, rather than in its own terms. Professor Dewey quite rightly does this with the systems of several of his predecessors in theory; I shall not attempt to do it with his own. This latest work does "round out his philosophy of experience," and those who know that philosophy will know what to expect. In the first chapters, with their characteristic titles—The Live Creature, The Live Creature and Ethereal Things, Having an Experience—they will find a brief, and an agreeably fluent, statement of Dewey's familiar position.

In accordance with his philosophy as a whole, Dewey is not writing upon the arts as finished products but upon the arts as the natural outcome of human experience as a whole. He wishes "to restore continuity between the refined and intensified forms

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of experience that are works of art and the everyday events, doings, and sufferings that are universally recognized to constitute human experience." Thus the first three chapters quoted above deal with experience as a whole rather than with artistic experience. They emphasize the integral relation between man and his environment, and point out the elements of rhythm, attention, and partial satisfaction of impulses that characterize even the least aesthetic experience. And the later chapters do not neglect this connection. Though the artistic experience may differ qualitatively from others, this difference is ultimately a quantitative one, due to the complete harmony of all the parts, each supplementing the others, and the final completion within itself of the artistic experience, thus giving a total satisfaction where other experiences leave loose ends and unsatisfied impulses. Dewey speaks of an "internal equilibrium of impulsions" found in the act of aesthetic perception; and of "the rhythm of expectancy and satisfaction" being "internally complete" in the work of art. He sees no opposition between form and subject matter; sees them, indeed, as external categories never found in the work of art itself, where they are always united in what, following Bradley, he calls substance. He points out, in contrast to Croce, that the artist's conception is never prior to but always in terms of his medium; and that the problem of the ugly in art is a non-existent one. The power of artistic expression is due neither to instantaneous revelation nor to pure technique; the artist differs from the rest of mankind only in his "capacity to work a vague idea and emotion over into terms of a definite medium."

Perhaps the chief fault of most aesthetic theory is its derivation from a limited body of artistic material. Few philosophers find time to know the arts extensively and intensively; Professor Dewey is a fortunate exception. His debt in this respect to Dr. Albert Barnes is evident in more than his dedication. It shows in his preponderant choice of illustration from the plastic arts, and in his selection of examples within these arts. With his particular tastes, such as his condemnation of the baroque, we need not quarrel. More serious are his praise of the recent extension of artistic subjects to all classes of material, without recognition of the inevitable splitting and limiting of the artist's audience, and his acceptance of Hulme's false division (copied from the German Worringer, who distorted the theory of Lipps) of the plastic arts into styles that imitate nature and those that abstract from it.

Dewey's condemnation of the metaphysical method in aesthetics, his agreement with I. A. Richards that beauty is not an entity to be explained but "simply a short term for certain valued qualities," and his use of "equilibrium" in a fashion almost identical with that of Richards to account for aesthetic satisfaction, raise the question of a certain inconclusive quality in Dewey's method. I think this arises in part from his objection to comprehensive definition of the terms he uses. (Experience and energy are cases in point.) We are left to gather the meaning of key words from their use in various contexts, a procedure which, though it doubtless avoids the "fallacy of definition" and the "tediousness of classification," makes for a certain vagueness in the reader's mind. But the inconclusiveness arises further from the fact that Dewey nowhere indicates explicitly the psychology that underlies his whole analysis. Certainly aesthetic discussion can go on at a different level from that of physiology, but only by careful definition of its terms at its own level, and failing this it must retreat to a "psychological" foundation. This Richards has seen, and his psychology, though admittedly somewhat fantastic, carries his method to its conclusion and furnishes a ground for discussion. Such a foundation is implicit in Dewey's whole treatment, and it would be helpful if he explicitly stated it. Without it, we are left with perhaps just what Professor Dewey wished to give us, a provocative and illuminating but inconclusive discussion of the arts.

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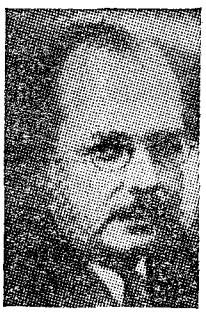

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Shorter Notices

The Road Leads On. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. Coward-McCann. $3.

This is the history, once more, of the people, high and low but essentially simple, of a sea village in Norway. Since "Growth of the Soil" Hamsun has given us several volumes about his own people. Perhaps because our own tempo of living and our own problems have changed, they have come to seem rather dull reading. Hamsun writes exceedingly well; his characters are well drawn. But life moves too slowly and too painlessly through his books to hold our interest. This novel is particularly concerned with the third generation of the paa Bua family—Gordon Tidemand, his mother, the man who is probably his father—with the Gipsy, and with August, the one man of decision in the town. The pages are flooded with characters: Aase, the witch woman; the doctor and Esther, his wife, inferior to him and never happy until his disfiguration makes her his equal; Marna and Gina; the postmaster whose nearsighted wife falls over the cliff; the many poor laborers, the many little shopkeepers, and the fifty-odd housewives who know all about each other. Life moves on, even death does not stop it, and always it moves gently. Finally August, the most important personality of the story, is carried to death by a sea of sheep which he tries to turn from a cliff edge. There is, perhaps, a symbol here: the sheep are the ordinary people, unthinking, superstitious, blind, while August, not very sensitive, is the most articulate and intelligent individual in the book.

The Tragic King: Richard III. By Philip Lindsay. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

Mr. Lindsay is little more of a historian than Shakespeare was. He is of the same profession, indeed, being a writer of scenarios. It is not surprising, then, that in his attempt to clear Richard III of the crimes Shakespeare has fastened forever upon him he should merely have gone to the other extreme and written another fable—this time with a courteous, long-suffering, sensitive, almost angelic king for hero. Relying upon the researches of Markham and Gairdner for the matter of his argument, he has added nothing but a dash of melodrama and a flourish of hysteria. His book is interesting, as any book about the end of the fifteenth century in England must be, but it should not pass as history.

The Great Lakes–St. Lawrence Deep Waterway to the Sea. By Tom Ireland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The project to bring the Atlantic Ocean—so far as navigation goes—nearly 2,500 miles inland to the heart of the North American continent is one of the real, as contrasted with the trivial, issues of our time, and Mr. Ireland has assembled a factual story for those who wish to inform themselves on the subject. He writes as a friend of the project, but in no unfairly partisan temper, and his data should convince any open-minded reader that the waterway is not a sectional but a national undertaking, comparable in importance to the Panama Canal.

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Adelaide Crapsey's signal accomplishment was her study of English metrics, a work which her long illness and early death prevented her from completing, but which, even in its unfinished form, is of great interest to the student of prosody because of its original approach. The body of her verse was slight, and the present volume adds only twenty lyrics, not all of them in finished form, to the poems we already have. Yet these verses show that her concern for technique was not an affair of the laboratory but a living thing, informing her least effort. Her main contribution to English verse was of course the cinquain, the five-line lyric which in its terseness and delicacy is the English equivalent of the Japanese hokku. It is curious to note that one of the new cinquains included here bears a note: "From the French, presumably itself a translation from the Japanese." The two versions of the cinquain beginning

Fresher
Than spring's new scents,

and a comparison of these with the familiar one entitled Snow, are of value to the amateur of verse. The little book as a whole is one to be treasured for the wistful courage that it expresses with so much distinction.

People at Work. By Frances Perkins. The John Day Company. $2.50.

This book by the Secretary of Labor certainly gives a picture of Miss Perkins's mind, and perhaps reflects the ideals of the Administration with respect to labor policy. Aside from this, "People at Work" is a trifling affair. Miss Perkins is addicted to the anecdotal method, and her economic theory is of the simplest: purchasing power will be augmented by reducing hours and raising wages; a "surplus economy" lies to hand; what we need is "balanced rhythm" between production and consumption. Miss Perkins tends to mix moral with economic "laws," and to find a teleological pointing toward an ideal in American history; cooperation and association realized through democracy and culminating in the codes of the NRA. She has much to say about her favorite preoccupations—factory laws, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, and the like. But she achieves the genuine feat of remaining almost wholly silent on the trade-union movement, except to suggest, with reference to Section 7-a, that "collective bargaining [is] but the expression in industry of the simple device of sending a committee to protest or to petition, which many citizens . . . have practiced in regard to seeing the city authorities about better garbage disposal, protest-

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ing an unnecessary noise, demanding an improvement in the road . . ." In brief, the author of this book exhibits the obvious stigmata of the social-welfare worker, and is hopeful as to the ethical potentialities latent in profit-seeking business enterprise. Nevertheless, it is something of a step forward, after a Davis and a Doak, to find a Secretary of Labor who leans toward the position of Bismarckian state socialism or the stand of the Conservative and Liberal reformers who gave Great Britain its present labor laws. Miss Perkins, however, shows no signs of realizing that something more than welfare legislation, more than democratic idealism, more than good-will and brotherhood, and more even than a Department of Labor may be required to advance "the 'good life' for the working people in terms of the Good Job."

The Crows. By David McCord. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This book introduces a fine lyric poet. Mr. McCord's individuality of imagery, phrase, and syntax is unmistakable. He has wit and intelligence. His work is completely genuine and very carefully wrought. He shows no strong influence either in his imagery or in his philosophy, which lies in an intelligent acceptance of such perfect moments as life gives. His lyrics have a fine impersonality and a quiet passion. The long narrative poem included, A Bucket of Bees, is a subtle interpretation of a childhood spent in the country, and of the break in that childhood when the city becomes home. The poet's exact portrayal of country beauty will win him many readers.

Films

Propaganda Once Again

BY far the most important event to be reported this week is the final release in this country of V. I. Pudovkin's greatest picture, "Mother," based on Maxim Gorki's novel of the 1905 revolution in Russia. A second view of this film at the Acme—it was shown before a private audience at the Film Forum a few seasons ago—leaves no doubt as to why it was suppressed for so long a time. Here is a film in which the distinction between propaganda and art seems to break down, in which the propaganda *emerges* inevitably out of the experience that is represented. Instead of being merely elocutionary, like so many recent Russian films, it is eloquent—in the best sense of expressing its meaning through such a complete realization of its materials that no statement is necessary. It persuades rather than convinces, which is equivalent to saying that it arouses and directs certain fundamental feelings in such a way that the mind of the spectator is carried along, like the river in the picture, to the intended conclusion. Its meaning cannot be separated or even distinguished from the fabric of the experience. It is implicit in the ramshackle backgrounds, in the expressions on the faces of the bosses and the workers, in the most casual gesture of the old mother, who innocently betrays her son to the police. In a word, it is communicated on the unconscious rather than on the conscious plane of the spectator's response, and for this reason alone the picture falls more clearly within the domain of art than that of propaganda. And since art is infinitely more subversive than the most devastatingly logical propaganda, the authorities were quite right in considering it more dangerous than any other sent over by the Soviet Republic. If it could by any chance be seen by as many people as will see "Little Man, What Now?" and "No Greater Glory," it would undoubtedly prove by its effects on the American consciousness its distinct superiority both as art and as propaganda.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH Says:

DODSWORTH. Shubert Theater. Sidney Howard's impressive and deeply moving dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel. Brilliantly acted by Walter Huston and Fay Bainter.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

STEVEDORE. Civic Repertory Theater. Uncommonly effective both as melodrama and as propaganda, reaching a really smashing climax in a thunderous scene "on the barricades."

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None of the recent products of the Soviet studios has presented anything like the same possibilities of danger, and one need not look very far for the reason. The difference between Pudovkin's early masterpiece and such films as "Ivan" and "Arsenal" is that while the former deals with events already completed in the past, corroborated, so to speak, by their historical actuality, the latter deal with events whose real termination lies in the future. In "Mother" Pudovkin's imagination was turned backward to an already realized past; in his sound-films it is turned toward the future—that future which tends always to become an abstraction no matter how many factories and power dams one builds for one's particular Utopia. Memory is still the mother of the muses, in the cinema as in other forms, and the artist is likely to produce better results when his orientation is backward to the real past than when it is forward to an ideal future.

Moreover, by his success in this early film Pudovkin himself contradicts his theory that the screen should endeavor to "depersonalize" its actors in order to make them more representative of the masses and mass movements. Theoretically, the objection is once again that we are moving from the concrete to the abstract, from that to which we can respond with our whole being to that to which we can respond only with our minds. But Pudovkin actually illustrates in the effectiveness of this film the superiority of the older method of bringing out the general theme in terms of the individual and the personal drama. Both Baranovskaya as the mother and Batalov as the son are too good actors not to contribute something of their own to the whole. This is not to detract in the least from the genius of the director: the acting in "Mother," like everything else, is a completely integrated element. Particularly admirable in this respect is the pictorial symbolism—that most tempting of pitfalls to the ambitious director. Here the symbol is never static, applied, something outside the movement and structure of the whole. The river is, of course, a symbol—a progressive symbol of stagnation, disintegration, and release—but it is also causally related to the action of the story. To mention any single element in this film, therefore, is to be forced to discuss it as a whole. One covers everything perhaps by saying that it remains one of the half-dozen greatest claims to being considered seriously as an art that the screen has so far established.

"Little Man, What Now?" is also propaganda, and it has even certain elements of art, but there is not enough relationship between the two to make it effective as either one or the other. Based on Hans Fallada's popular novel about the vicissitudes of a small clerk in pre-Hitler Germany, it retains a vaguely Germanic background and many incidents from its original. Douglass Montgomery plays the unfortunate Hans Pinneberg and Margaret Sullavan his Lämmchen. Frank Borzage's direction is once again superior to the materials with which he has to deal. But the considerable slickness both of the acting and the direction does not save the film from being one of the most absurd affairs of the season. Obviously intended to cheer up the great film-going public during the present doldrums, it offers an altogether new solution for the world's social and economic problems—the love of a good woman and the charity of a whimsical old carpenter.

Because it represents the first attempt by Hollywood to make use of the materials of recent Irish history, "The Key" is more unfortunate than it might otherwise be. A stereotyped triangular situation is allowed to usurp whatever interest there might be in the background of the Irish revolution for screen purposes. There is no question where the bias lies: the British soldiers are uniformly noble and gentlemanly; the Irish rebels are little more than ruffians. This will probably settle the fate of the picture in many quarters.

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